

MOVIE CLASSIC

JUNE



IN CANADA 15c



Leila Hyams

Who Are
the NEW
GABLES"
of the SCREEN?

The Trials
of a
Hollywood
Ex-Wife

CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about
"matching your
skin" and select
shades to match
your Costume

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

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You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You couldn't use *other shades* for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

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For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summerian. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



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Spends nothing on her gums
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And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

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Love consumed her!



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

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Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount  Pictures

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MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 4

JUNE, 1932



**JEANETTE
MacDONALD'S
Handwriting
Reveals Secrets to
LOUISE RICE**

On page 51 of this issue, you will learn why "no man will ever tame Joan Crawford"—an illuminating study of Joan by Louise Rice, world-famous for her ability to read character from handwriting. You will want to compare your own hand-writing with Joan's.

Also, you may want to analyze your own handwriting (and character). On page 51, you will learn how you may very easily obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope, enabling you to do this.

And next month, Louise Rice will reveal what Jeanette MacDonald doesn't tell interviewers! Just one of many big "scoops" you'll find in the June MOVIE CLASSIC!

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COVER DRAWING OF LEILA HYAMS BY MARLAND STONE

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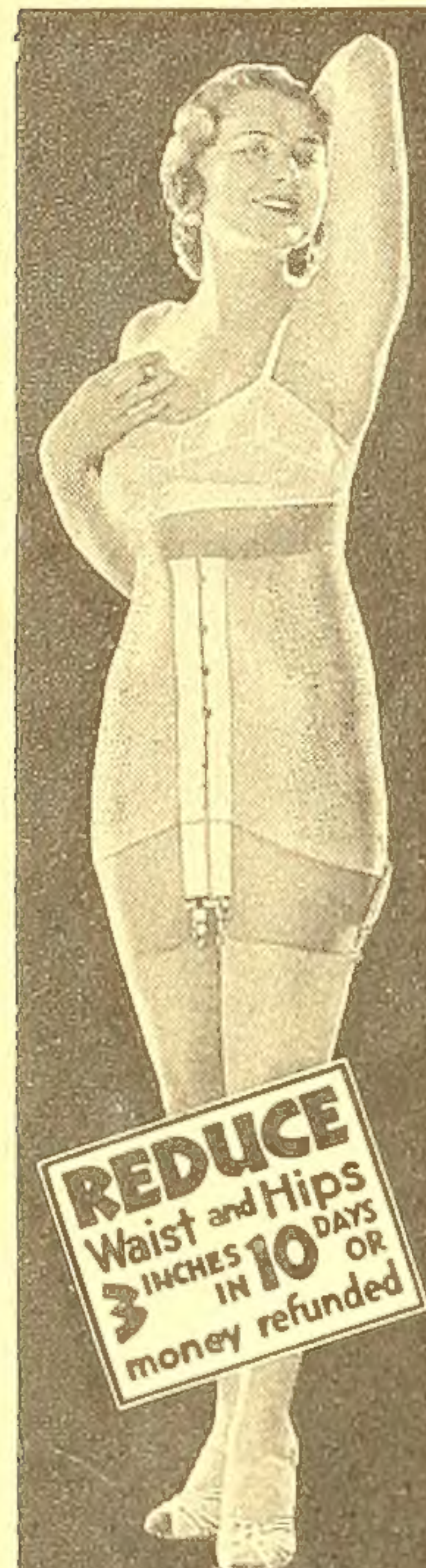
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my hips **9 INCHES**
with the



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he told this blonde

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Permanently Destroys Hair

BETWEEN

THE producers haven't had much luck in their endless hunt for "another Garbo." None at all, if you want to ask me. Dietrich isn't it. She's as original as Garbo, herself—and if Marlene had climbed to fame first, Greta might very likely have been called "another Dietrich." That is, at first. Even Garbo's enemies (both of them) can't bring forward any girl who is likely to cause Greta any loss of sleep during her sun-baths.

BUT meanwhile the search for "another Gable" goes on apace. And with a little better fortune. For one thing, M-G-M may have made a tactical error in having Clark support one big feminine star after another, instead of pushing him up stardom on his own—in a hurry. The studio's tardiness gave their competitors a breathing spell—time to scout around and unearth rough-hewn, dimpled he-men of their own. Every studio has found one; some have discovered two. Maybe none of them will pull like Gable with the public. But at least they have the chance to try. Look over the story on the "new Gables" a few pages farther on—and get a hint of the number of his rivals. Or should I say "would-be rivals"?

IT'S a funny thing. I mean—that Garbo's appeal lies in the fact that she is like a woman no one ever knew; beautiful, silent, inscrutable, exotic, mysterious, all at one and the same time. While Gable's appeal lies in just the other direction. Everyone feels that he has known Clark some time or other. Or known his twin brother—a big, good-natured, half-handsome, half-homely, straightforward chap, with a handshake that makes you rise on your toes.

HAROLD LLOYD, it seems, got wind of the fact that a couple of the studios were planning pictures kidding Hollywood. That gave Harold an idea. He'd offset the digs. So he's making "Movie Crazy," which will be a comedy laid in Hollywood, but won't be laid against it. According to Harold's version, it is a place of glamour and romance, which has given the world the best cure yet for the galloping insanity of boredom. Can you imagine what the world would be like without movies? It would be like Harold Lloyd in a comedy without his horn-rimmed specs—not half so entertaining without as with!

OURSELVES

HOLLYWOOD should get ready to slaughter the fatted calf. (But humanely, I beg—as will you, after reading what George Arliss says a few pages hence.) The prodigal is coming home. I'm referring to Leslie Howard, who hasn't yet got any farther than New York on his way back to that rural cottage in England where he was going to retire from the noisy, noisy world. If all goes well, he will do his New York play, "The Animal Kingdom," on the screen this summer. And that, I warn you, will be a treat.

AND, as if to fill our cup to overflowing, along comes the additional news that Helen Hayes also has agreed to come back, and be forgiven, this summer. This, despite the fact that she and husband Charles MacArthur have just bought a quaint old Colonial farm in New Jersey—one of those places that are hard to leave. But once the Great God Public speaks its will, few care to ignore it. It demands Helen. So what can a poor girl do? And may they make her a star—if they have time, before she slips away again!

MOVIE CLASSIC is happy to report, in this issue, that Renée Adorée has fought her way back to health, and soon will be back before the cameras again. There is even a rumor that she may be in her old rôle in "The Big Parade," which is soon to be remade as a talkie. And when the studio does get around to actual production, I hope they'll at least consider John Gilbert for his old rôle of the doughboy. Maybe someone else could do it as well as John, but to me (and to how many millions more?) that rôle is indelibly associated with John, and John alone.

BELIEVE it or not, but Johnny Weissmuller is scheduled to do an Arctic picture. What! cover up all that physique (six feet, four inches of it) in furs? Even so, someone ought to send protests to the Society for Prevention of Spring Fever in Eskimo Maidens.

Larry Reid

ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS

JAMES
DUNN

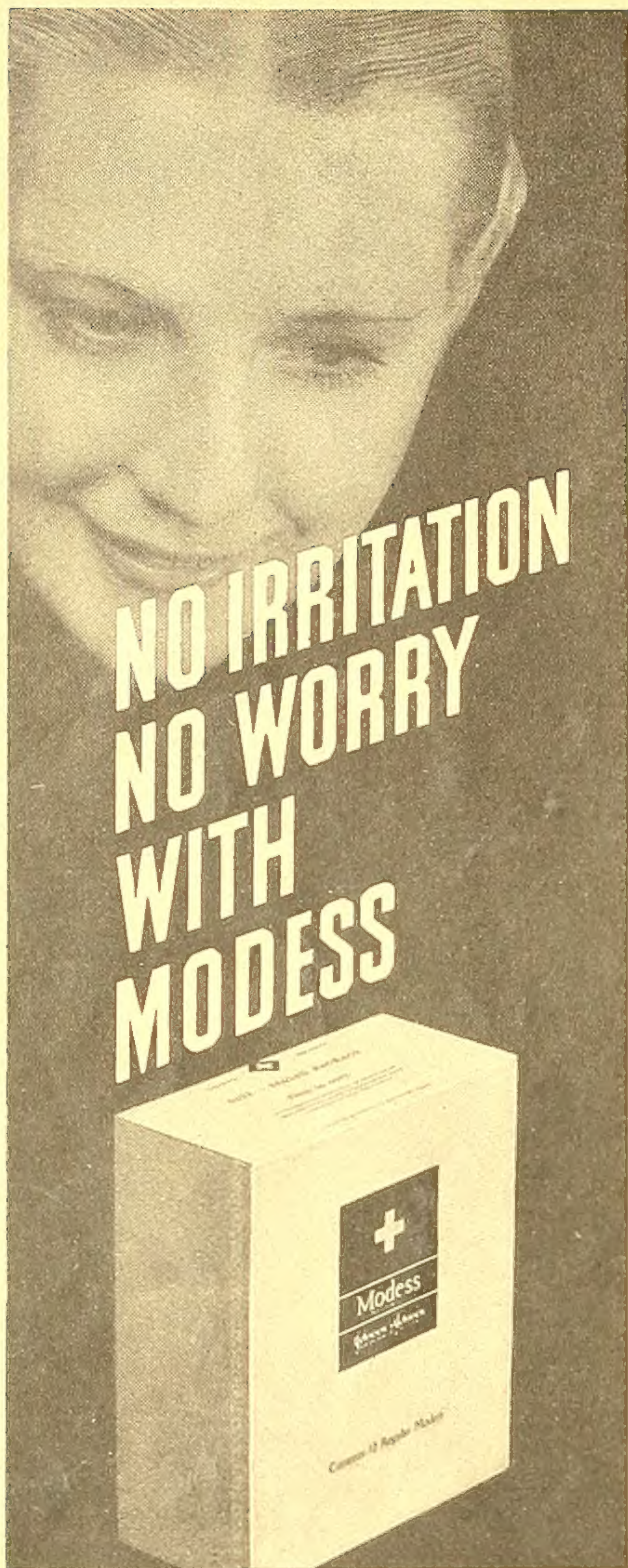
PEGGY
SHANNON

SPENCER TRACY

Wild, untamed...
she played with men's
hearts as with puppets
until she rushed head-
long into the arms of...
a prizefighter. Society
was dumbfounded!
Daring the ridicule of
her friends, she gave
herself to him...Daring!
...Tantalizing!... Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

SOCIETY GIRL



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SANITARY NAPKINS

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

\$20.00 Letter

Movie Chinese Not So Clever

WHY not genuine Chinese characters in pictures instead of the fake variety which fools nobody and destroys any illusion the fan might enjoy? In a state like California which is so populous with Chinese it ought not to be a difficult matter to select and train youthful Orientals for screen work and when realism is so insisted upon in every other way I wonder the producers do not wake up to the fact that to take a pretty white girl, fix up her features with collodion and other devices for creating a slant-eyed effect, instruct her to affect little, mincing steps and a coy manner, and bill her as a Chink maiden, is merely turning what would otherwise be a good drama into a kind of semi-comedy or farce.

Perhaps you recall the flop which "Java Head" made some years ago because the producers tried to put Leatrice Joy across as the Manchu wife? This sort of thing is still being done, in spite of the remarkable progress being made in every other angle of screen work. Even the inimitable Chaney was not entirely successful as a Chinese, and Edward G. Robinson is much less so.

Warner Oland is about the only white man who doesn't look phony when essaying a Chinese part but with him it is a case of good luck, rather than good makeup. He actually has Oriental features. But why is Anna May Wong the only Chinese girl obtainable for leading parts? Loretta Young was—only Loretta Young in "The Hatchet Man."

D. R. DAVIES,
Regina, Saskatchewan, Can.

\$10.00 Letter

Garbo's Silence

I SAW Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," and I was moved by it. Not by the plot of the "exotic epic," which got badly tangled up in Garbo's "ridiculously long lashes," but by the analogy I seemed to detect between the character of the famous spy and the equally famous screen star.

I found myself wondering if, as there was a grim power, *Wilhelmstrasse*, behind Mata Hari—dictating her every move and mood—there might not be an equally implacable power behind Greta Garbo, keeping her a lonely and loveless woman.

Is Garbo's silence commanded by the roar of the M-G-M lion? GRETE EISENHARDT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

\$5.00 Letter

Screen's Perfect Trio

IT was marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling, he was dear! She was adorable, she was lovely, she was sweet.

Who? What? When? Where? Why? How?

The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst

Lubitsch. What a team! They're inimitable, incomparable, irresistible! Three cheers for "One Hour with You." Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of fascination—Chevalier! Three cheers for the lingerie lady, the prima donna of the screen—MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

PEARL A. KATZMAN, New York, N. Y.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

RECENT scribes—their name is legion!—seem to be satisfied that the movies are "taking a lesson" from the stage. Perhaps. But, tolling 'em off on your fingers with me, let's look at the most recent successes and see who starred in them:

Richard Dix in "Cimarron."
Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith."
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill."
Lionel Barrymore in anything.
Garbo in "Susan Lenox."
Norma Shearer in "Private Lives."
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers."
Sylvia Sydney in "Street Scene."
Sylvia Sydney in anything!

With the exception of Chatterton and Sidney, a little while back, and Barrymore some time back, these are the Old Guard of famous film folk! What technique, stage or otherwise, could make a better Beery than we saw in "Hell Divers?" Who could have marched through "Arrowsmith" with more *savoir-faire*, than Colman?

How could you improve upon Mae Marsh as the mother in "Over the Hill"? Or La Shearer in "Private Lives"? Or Dick Dix in that turbulent epic "Cimarron?"

You couldn't! "Nothing succeeds like success"—whether your artist be drilled by an impresario, a megaphone, or a machine gun! Whether the setting be a New York stage, a Hollywood No Man's Land—or a Bangkok magic carpet!

Let us, then, give California her due!

DOUGLAS BEVERLEY,
Commerce Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

What-a-star

"WHEN a Gable steals a picture from a Beery—that isn't news! But when a Beery brigands one from Whataman Gable—that IS news!"

Wally Beery's acting has set a new high for "individualism!" B. P. (Before Prohibition) the customers went "Bleary." Now they go "Beery!"

He has that rare attribute—an omnipresent "forgetfulness of self" . . . in these

artless days of superstars, super-press-agents, super-impresarios, super-VANITY!! You must admit there is something about a man who can thus submerge his identity in the master stroke of his portrayals. What a pity that for years, this genial artist struggled, his light submerged under a figurative bushel. But now he's a star. And WHAT-A-STAR!—W. NAUGLE,
Omaha, Neb.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC 1501, Broadway, New York City.

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"The DOOMED BATTALION"



TALA BIRELL

With TALA BIRELL, LUIS TRENKER, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz. A Marcel Vandal and Charles Delac Production directed by Cyril Gardner. Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr. Associate Producer, Paul Kohner.

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730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



GRAND HOTEL

I take off my hat and make a low, sweeping bow in the direction of Hollywood. For the movies have improved upon both Vicki Baum's novel and Vicki Baum's play about life in a great hotel. It is still melodrama, yes—but so vividly, so excitingly has director Edmund Goulding woven his picture that you are likely to leave the theatre gurgling about art. Garbo gives the greatest performance of her career as *Grusinskaya*, the lonely, famous dancer. Lionel Barrymore, for one—as *Kringelein*, the invalid—forces her extra effort. So does Joan Crawford, as the exotic, sombre stenographer. Hardly less notable are the performances of John Barrymore, as *von Geigern*, the lover-thief; Wallace Beery, as *Preysing*, the villain of the piece; Lewis Stone, as the bitter doctor; and Jean Hersholt, as *Senf*, the porter. Here is an entertaining event in any movie-lover's life!



IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

To me, this is far and away the best thing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has done since "The Dawn Patrol"—and is about as different from that as it could be. It is a comedy—one with an original idea, for a change—and young Doug, wearing that famous Fairbanks grin, steps out and proves himself every bit as amusing as Doug, Sr., ever has been. After the manner of Lindbergh, he captures the fancy of a nation by a single-handed deed of valor (as a submarine commander, not a flier)—and from that moment he is a harassed hero. All sorts of women want to kiss him; all sorts of men want to pump his hand; statesmen want to make speeches at him; reporters want to interview him; even his wife (Mary Brian) is convinced he shouldn't be as modest as he is. Besides being amusing, Doug is very real—and the dialogue gives him every chance to be both.



BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

It hurts to say it—but the picture is also weak. It's another of those Continental comedies—a mixture of froth and spice—and Robert Montgomery again is a charming wastrel. And this type of rôle, like this type of comedy, is the kind that can't bear repeating many more times. Bob and his father (C. Aubrey Smith) are penniless hangers-on in English society, and both are on the lookout for women with money. Bob falls in love with a poor girl (a newcomer named Nora Gregor), while engaged to a rich one (another newcomer named Heather Thatcher)—and, somehow, you can't see how he makes such an error, for Miss Thatcher has it all over Miss Gregor. He finally gets out of the tangle (as you know all along he will), even though he does it in a manner reminiscent of William Haines in his "Brown of Harvard" days. Or should I say "daze"?



SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION

I'm glad I didn't miss this one—if for no other reason than that it gives Ricardo Cortez the chance to come into his own at last. He has been stealing pictures for years without ever getting the break he deserved. But here it is, praise be. Fannie Hurst, who knows Jewish character as few other authors do, has written a fine, though sentimental story of a boy who gets his start in the Jewish section of the East Side of New York, and then is torn away from his race by the ambitions of his family, to become a famous doctor on Park Avenue. Cortez, who was born on this same East Side, knows whereof he is acting, as the idealistic young son of Israel. Irene Dunne, as the girl who loves him and finally wins him back to his people, is charming without living her part. Cortez, however, lives his—and that's sufficient.



THIS IS THE NIGHT

In the New York showing of this clever, melodious and delightfully sexy farce, Lily Damita received the lowest billing of all—and this was a puzzle to me. Though I was gratified to note that Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles received top billing. The story is laid in gay Paris and picturesque Venice, and its mood is as gay as the travel catalogues say those two cities are. Roland Young, a gay blade, who makes the mistake of pursuing Thelma Todd, has to tell her husband (Cary Grant) he is married—and then gets Lily Damita to pose as his wife. Except for Thelma, Lily manages to intrigue everybody, including Roland's pal, Charlie Ruggles, and Thelma's husband. It's a regular merry-go-round of a story, with lilting songs, sparkling humor, a happy cast, and the most hilarious tipsy scene yet—between Roland and Charlie. These two are devastatingly amusing.



SCARFACE It took courage for Howard Hughes to produce this picture—but the New York censors had even more nerve to forbid New York moviegoers the privilege of seeing it. For privilege it is. It is one of the most powerful pictures of all time. There has never been anything like it before, and probably never will be again. The case against the gangster is stated fully, dramatically, unforgettably. You see, in vivid episodes reproduced from real life, the rise of a cold-blooded killer, you see the murder he gets away with, you see how coolly he defies all law, and you want to do something about it. Paul Muni deserves the Academy award for his portrait of *Scarface*. George Raft, as his bodyguard, is hardly less memorable. And Ann Dvorak, as *Scarface's* sister, has two tragic scenes that will go down in screen history.

Demand to see it!

**THE
GREATEST
CAST
IN STAGE
OR SCREEN
HISTORY!**



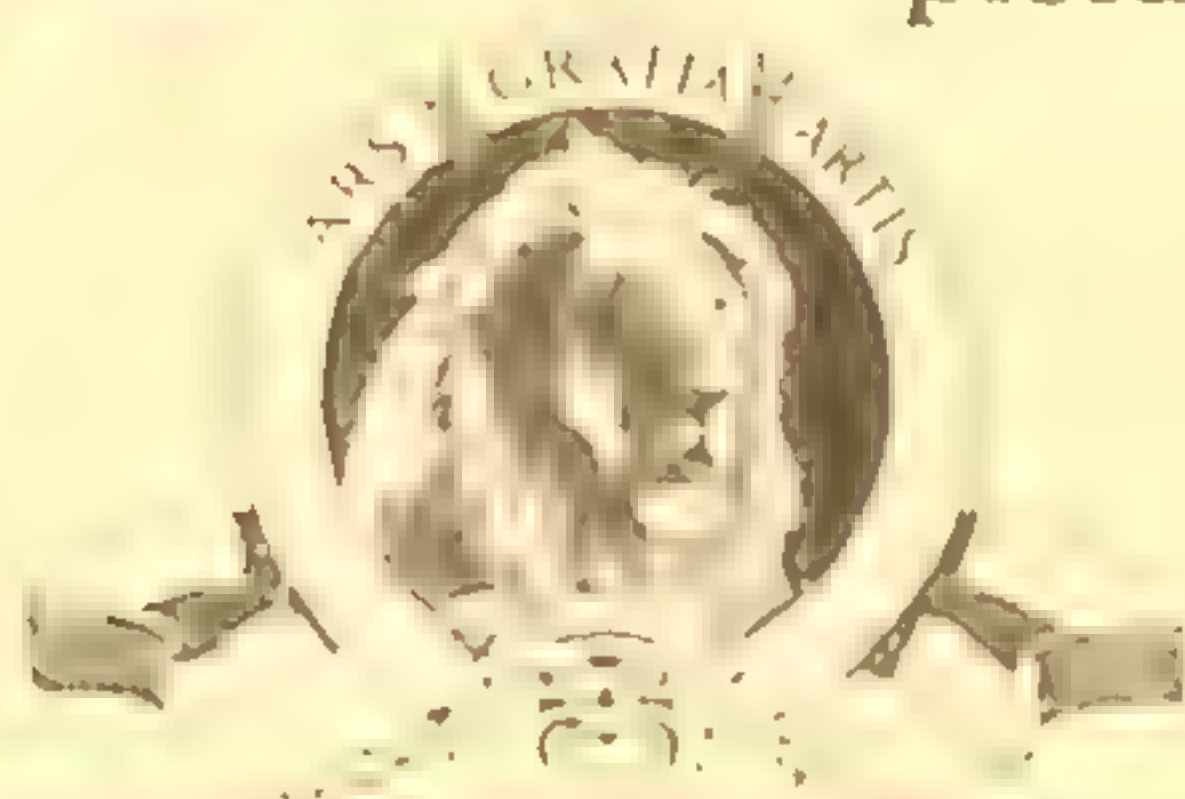
**JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE**



**JOAN
CRAWFORD-BEERY
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GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE
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The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

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N Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

THIS has certainly been a moving month in Hollywood. You see big moving vans all over the place, and a lot of people are homeless. They moved in such a hurry, just to keep in style, that they can't remember where they moved to.

Janet Gaynor has taken the big house of John (Irish tenor) McCormack. After living in a modest manse by the sea for a long time, Janet has moved into a mansion. Maybe she's going to have parties and things. Marlene Dietrich moved from one Beverly Hills location to another. A newspaper printed her address, and after that she might just as well have been living in a tent on the Boulevard. No more privacy than Greta Garbo taking a sun bath.



What's this—Garbo gone platinum-blonde for "As You Desire Me"? Nothing else but! And Erich von Stroheim no doubt is trying to get her to tell if she dyed her hair or is wearing a transformation

ANOTHER mover is Phil Holmes, who has taken a three-room bungalow in Beverly. It's different from most three-room bungalows. It's on two floors, which seems like an awful lot of swank for just three rooms.

Those happy newlyweds, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, have a new beach house boasting a strictly private beach. That makes it nice for honeymooners.

But June Collyer and Stuart Erwin win first prize for originality during moving month. They have a lease on a nice house in Beverly Hills, and much to their dismay, they have discovered that they still have a lease on an apartment in Hollywood. Both landlords are being pretty firm about things, too. Would anyone like a good lease which isn't working much now?

STAGE producers needn't be so snooty about their stars entering pictures any more. When the foot-light celebrities wander back to Times Square they bring a nice army of fans along with them.

Both Helen Hayes, appearing in

"The Good Fairy," and Leslie Howard, busy with "The Animal Kingdom," report exceptionally rushing balcony business. Now, with big stage attractions, it is usually fairly easy to fill the orchestra chairs, but the balcony looks like the wide open spaces. Not with these two productions. Apparently a lot of film fans have a burning desire to see their favorites in the flesh, and are willing to pay no more than movie theatre prices for the privilege.

Lawrence Tibbett reports that since he appeared in pictures there is a line of people waiting for him at the stage door. That never happened before.

Movie names must help the box office at the legitimate theatres. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were offered \$7500 a week to do a stage play in New York. That's big money in these times. And you can bet your new Panama hat that Ziegfeld doesn't get Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers for coffee-and-cake money, either.

And Lois Moran can afford Rolls-Royces after "Of Thee I Sing."

(Continued on page 80)

You loved her in "MADAME X"... "SARAH & SON"... "TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...



Miss
Ruth
Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED ...
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED ... IN
HER *first* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH
ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives—and loves—and lies...Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT
THE MARRIAGE GAME?



with BETTE DAVIS
GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN

Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL Hit!

HARRY EDINGTON : "NOT ONE CENT OF GARBO'S MONEY IS INVESTED OUTSIDE THIS COUNTRY.".....ANN HARDING : "I DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A MARTYR OF IN THIS. I DID IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO.".....ANN DVORAK'S MOTHER : "ANN KNEW EVERY EPISODE IN LESLIE FENTON'S PAST BEFORE THEY MARRIED SO THIS BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT WAS NO SHOCK.".....MARY NOLAN : "YOU MAY SEE MY BODY ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE BUT NEVER IN JAIL.".....SENATOR GILLETTE : "IF YOU RIDE THROUGH BEVERLY HILLS YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED AT THE LUXURIOUS HOMES -- YOU HEAR ENDLESS STORIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE.".....CONRAD NAGEL : "THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY THREE STARS EARNING MORE THAN \$100,000 IN HOLLYWOOD.".....CLAIRE WINDSOR : "I HAVE NEVER LURED A MAN AWAY FROM HIS HOME AND NEVER BEEN TO..."BILLIE DOVE : "PRESIDENT HOOVER LOOKED JUST GRAND."....."HE'S THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD AND I CAN PROVE IT".....VICTOR McLAGLEN : "I AM POLA NEGRI : "MY FILMS LIVE IN CHINA-- AND VERY SOON I'LL TELL YOU WHY HE IS".....CHARLIE CHAPLIN : "A HOLIDAY PROUD OF MY FAMILY-- LEOPOLD HAS A KINK IN HIS MIND AND I CAN PROVE IT!"BECOMES EXPENSIVE. I MUST GET BACK TO WORK."

A DIFFERENCE WHILE I WAS ABROAD."

"Romance? All I ask of a girl is to be a good sport—one as willing to ride in a broken-down flivver as a new Rolls. Or go to prize fights."





LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE in "THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN"
a Universal Picture. *Max Factor's Make-Up Used*

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from HOLLYWOOD just for You

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Face powder, for example, is created by Max Factor to living screen star types. Each shade is a color harmony tone...not just a flat color...composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. No danger of off-color, spotty or powdery effects even under the strongest lights, because Max Factor's face powder has been proved perfect under blazing motion picture lights.

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So here is the face powder that really creates that even, satin-smooth make-up you've so admired in pictures. Now you, too, may enjoy this luxury... Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the screen stars...at the nominal price of one dollar the box.



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Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

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Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up,"... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage)

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Address _____		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>		BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>		Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	
City _____		Medium <input type="checkbox"/>		BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>		Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	
State _____		Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>		BROWN LITTLE <input type="checkbox"/>		Most <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Light <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>		Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	
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Buy silk hose with that \$3 you save

Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is \$3 a year. Spend it as you please. Hosiery is merely a suggestion.

*What brilliance!
What Beauty!*

THIS THRIFT DENTIFRICE BRINGS TO TEETH

Do you want teeth that you can be proud of . . . that are the envy of others?

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Do you want your mouth to feel refreshed and invigorated . . . your breath to be sweet and agreeable?

If so, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste, the modern dentifrice, at the common sense price of 25 cents.

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When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, we realized that it must be superior in order to win users in a field already overcrowded with good dentifrices. We ask you to try a tube and judge whether or not we have succeeded.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains special and modern cleansing and polishing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach front and back, and penetrate between the teeth, erasing tartar, tobacco stains, and discolorations. After a few brushings, your teeth assume a new brilliance and luster that you welcome. Your gums feel firm and healthy. Your mouth has a continual sensation of cleanliness. You realize that at last you've found a tooth paste that really *does something* for you.

And remember, for these benefits you are paying about half of what you would ordinarily pay. That we can offer a product of the quality of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, is due to three factors: (1), The ability to buy raw material on a large scale and hence at a lower price. (2), The ability of cutting manufacturing cost by means of modern machinery. (3), The equipment to distribute the finished product at a low price. All these economies are passed on to you in this dentifrice so worthy of the Listerine name. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



**AFTER TOOTH BRUSHING, GARGLE WITH LISTERINE
TO KILL DECAY GERMS ON TEETH**



Hurrell

When Clark Gable first thrilled the customers, he, himself, was called "a second Valentino." But everybody has forgotten that now. He has become Gable, the First

that he is all she says he is. He probably is.

The fact still remains that George Brent is going to have a hard row to hoe because he is, or is being made to appear, so very much the same type as Clark Gable, who got there first. (They once acted together on Broadway in "Love, Honor and Betray"—and George had the more important rôle.)

Just recently I was lunching in the Warner commissary with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Upon the walls, completely surrounding us, were ten or twelve new pictures of George Brent, the latest portraits made by a studio photographer. There were pictures of the dark, he-mannish Mr. Brent in every conceivable pose and posture, not to mention expression, that has marked Clark Gable's own newest photographic sittings. Mr. Brent in an old sweat-shirt with his hair slightly tousled. Mr. Brent scowling slightly at the camera. Mr. Brent smiling full force into the camera. Mr. Brent in other typically-Gable, three-quarter, full-length and profile views. Except around the eyebrows and ears, George seemed to have much in common with Clark.



Creighton Chaney—RKO

Doug., Jr., Saw a Likeness

DOUG, Jr., took one look at the interesting display of Brent *à la* Gable that alternately smiled and glared at us from the walls and inquired the name of the production. Mr. Brent was then engaged upon. Someone at the next table answered: "The Rich Are Always with Us."

"Amen," said young Doug. "So are the Gables."

So startling were the resemblances that they made one stop and wonder if the Warner Brothers really mean it when they protest that George is just Mr. Brent and not another you-know-who-I-mean.

Only a moment later, Mr. Brent, himself, walked in — and seemed, to all outward appearances to be an affable, friendly and thoroughly likable young man. Very much, we might say, like another certain affable, friendly and likable young man.

Upon even closer investigation, it turns out that the Brent career has not been unlike the Gable career in many respects. George Brent served a long apprenticeship in stock companies before coming to Hollywood. He

has played perhaps every conceivable stock engagement from villains to heroes, both young and old. (Ditto for Gable.) During the first six months of his Warner Brothers contract, he was not particularly noticed by that astute company, and neither was Gable by M-G-M in his early days. But success happened suddenly to George Brent, just as it happened suddenly to Clark Gable (and we can't help believing that Clark's success as a screen type hastened George Brent's recognition when Warner Brothers went a-Gable-hunting).

(Continued on page 74)



Luis Trenker—UNIVERSAL

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



Here's to crime! say Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff, with leers in their eyes. Boris is about to chill you in "The Old Dark House," and no telling what Bela will do next. Wonder what's in the beakers?

relationship between Ruth and Paul became as strained as good old lemon juice. During the making of their last picture they barely spoke.

Maybe it is just possible that a star and even her "favorite leading man" can make too many pictures together. Warner Brothers and George Brent take note.

BY the way, did you know that Universal has just taken over Paul Lukas' Paramount contract and that, from now on, he will be at Universal? Universal liked Paul in "Strictly Dishonorable" (as who didn't?), and when they heard that he and the bosses had disagreed, they put in a bid for him. And Paul, like *Barkis*, was willing. His first picture for Universal will be "Zeppelin," opposite Tala Birell, the blonde Roumanian beauty who is the Laemmles' new pride.



Johnny Weissmuller should smile! He has a new contract almost as big and handsome as he is!

GEORGE BRENT is Ruth Chatterton's "favorite leading man." They say the fair Ruth is so enthused over Warner Brothers' chief competition to Clark Gable that she reads every script with a weather-eye out for a rôle for George.

At the beginning of her Paramount contract, Ruth's "favorite leading man" was Paul Lukas. Remember all the pictures they made together? Everything was hotsy-totsy for the first few pictures and then suddenly the formerly friendly

MARLENE DIETRICH'S little girl is growing to look more and more like her father, Rudolph Sieber. When she first came to Hollywood many people thought Maria resembled Marlene, but as she continues to grow up, it becomes more and more apparent that the little girl is going to "take after" her father, who cables her every week, asking when she is coming to visit him in Europe. But if the mountain can't go to Mahomet, well, Mahomet can go to the mountain. Which is by way of reporting that Herr Sieber is visiting his family in Hollywood—helping them find a new house that the tourists and crank letter-writers won't know about.

Marlene has gone so far as to arm her chauffeur, to guard the little girl when she goes out to play.



It looks more like carpet than sand under Rochelle Hudson's chair, but we'll let that pass—seeing's how the RKO starlet's bathing suit is new and Frenchy

THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JUST recently Walter Winchell slyly hinted that this department was 'way off the track in stringing with Gilbert Roland as head man in Norma Talmadge's affections. Walter sort of insinuated that we would be pretty sorry if Norma should ankle up to the altar with Georgie Jessel when they get their mutual divorces.

But just between you and Walter and me, Norma sent back a ream of explanatory messages to Roland all about "this silly New York gossip" and the gist of it was not to believe all you hear, even over the radio.

We're still stringing with Roland. That's our story, and maybe we're stuck with it. On the other hand—maybe not.

IT LOOKED as though Mrs. Josef von Sternberg, or rather, the *former* Mrs. Josef von Sternberg was all set to drop her alienation-of-affections suit against Marlene Dietrich. The truce lasted about twenty-four hours, when Mrs. von Sternberg announced that the suit would be dropped when, and if, certain letters involved in the suit were published.

The letters in question are said to be one from a European author to Miss Dietrich, another from Miss Dietrich to Mrs. von Sternberg and a third from Mrs. von Sternberg to Miss Dietrich. The contents were not disclosed, but everyone supposes that the author took back statements that he attributed to Marlene—namely, to the effect that she had told him that Josef was to be divorced from his wife so that he would be free to marry *her* (Marlene). From the beginning, La Dietrich has denied making any such statement—denied it emphatically, I might add. And so has her husband, Herr Seiber.

Here's to a good sport! say June Clyde and Lucille Browne, over their orange juice. Like the movies, badminton is a great game, they add. They ought to know. Every sundown, after work, they play it



A blonde rival for Janet Gaynor? Cecilia Parker is a new "find" and George O'Brien's new love



Randolph Scott, besides becoming a star in "Lone Cowboy," is learning how to roll his own. His tutor is Will James, famous cowboy-author of the story

GIVE Harrison Carroll credit for the following research work:

Did you know, inquires Mr. Carroll, that Tallulah Bankhead is named for famous Tallulah Falls in Georgia? In the Indian language the word Tallulah means "love maiden."

Wonder if Harrison doesn't know that it was our Tallulah's grandmother who was named after the Falls and that our Tallulah was named after *her*?

Tallulah's next picture, by the way, may see her co-starred with Gary Cooper.

PHILLIPS HOLMES and Paramount must be having some little contract difficulty. At least, Phil's name has been removed from feature billing on the advertisements of "Broken Lullaby" or "The Man I Killed" (take your pick) and there is plenty of talk that his contract will not be renewed in the Fall.

As usual, there are several gossip-reasons. One is that Phil is getting too difficult to handle and wants only "artistic" stories. The other is that Phil hasn't been holding up sufficiently at the box-office to warrant the big increase in salary he is due to receive on his next option.

MADGE EVANS is wearing a very good-looking diamond engagement ring, and plenty of local newspaper columnists are sure Tom Gallery put it there. But Madge says "No." She further says she has had the diamond ring ever since she was a little girl and that it has no meaning. As soon as Tom's divorce from Zasu Pitts becomes final, we shall see.

THIS month's stork notes:

Florence Vidor Heifetz is awaiting the arrival of "the blessed event".

George and Mary Lou Lewis are also "expecting."

John and Dolores Costello Barrymore may have their second child ("expected in May") by the time you read this.

May McAvoy Cleary's expectation may also be fulfilled by the ditto time.

Dorothy Mackaill Miller is the latest to deny "stork" rumors. (She's going to England to make a film or two.)

CONNIE BENNETT was sitting in her dressing-room the other day when Phil Holmes called her on the

telephone. (Phil, you know was supposed to have appeared opposite Connie in "The Truth About Hollywood.")

"Hello, Connie," he said. "Sorry, but I can't start work in the picture next week. I've just broken my leg. I'll be laid up for a month."

Connie gave him all sorts of advice about bone-setting doctors and then called her director to inform him they were minus a leading man, on the verge of production.

The real truth about Hollywood is that it is a pretty topsy-turvy affair.



Lippman

Bette Davis (above) has more promise than any other young actress on the screen. That's the opinion of George Arliss—and George isn't careless with his speech. She has the feminine lead in "The Dark Horse"



Lippman

Adrienne Dore won the title of "Miss America" in a bathing suit—and the camera boys are glad it's canoe time again!



Irene Dunne must be Fannie Hurst's idea of a heroine. After seeing Irene in RKO's "Symphony of Six Million," Universal borrowed her for "Back Street"



IF Lila Lee and director George Hill aren't altar-bound they certainly have succeeded in fooling old Hollywood. Never did two people appear more smitten with each other. They're dream-eyed. Gossip has it that Johnny

Farrow, Lila's former flame, still cables her from London to come on over and make movies on the other side. The bets are that she won't accept—and George Hill is the best reason.

YOU think the town wasn't surprised when Ann Harding and Harry Bannister decided to "call it off" and wrote little personal notes to press representatives informing them of divorce plans? Even the most hide-bound cynics were startled out of a gasp at this surprise move from "the happiest couple in Hollywood."

(Continued on page 65)

Isn't he cute—and tough? This is how Jimmy Cagney looked when he was training for "Winner Take All." He's a lightweight, but he hits hard!

You Can Read SYLVIA SIDNEY'S Secrets in Her Face

Do you know why producers guessed wrong when they thought Sylvia was like Clara Bow—and why she looks so sad—and why men can't often tell how they rate with her? Read her character through Faciology

By TONI GALLANT

STUDY the portrait of Sylvia Sidney at the right—one of her favorite portraits, showing her in her favorite mood, a wistful mood. See if you can guess what characteristics are shown by the features marked with letters. Then check your guesses with the chart below the portrait—telling you, feature by feature, what Physiognomy reveals about her character.

It is a well-known fact that Sylvia Sidney was chosen for the screen at face value—and that she was originally intended to take the place of Clara Bow. They do resemble one another in that their faces are both round and agreeable to look at—but, outside of that, the resemblance ceases. Clara Bow and Sylvia Sidney are two totally different types.

The science of Physiognomy could have told that in one glance. It is true that they are both vital in type, but they are extreme opposites when it comes to thought and temperament.

Sylvia Sidney likes sad moods. She clothes them about her like soft veils. But inherently, she is not in the least pessimistic. Far from it. Deep down within herself, there is such a love of life and such vitality, that she is almost a child in her appreciation of things. Not childish—but childlike. She is as new and fresh and naïve as only a child can be. For this reason her performances are a pleasure to behold—she gets such a big “kick” out of them. Acting is like a game to her.

Sylvia Shyer Than Clara

SYLVIA has plenty of the Bow charm, but she is much soberer, and cannot hope to possess that fiery abandon that was so likable in the flamelike “It” girl. But at the same time Clara could never own the shy naïveté that is so naturally Sylvia's.

Intelligence plays a big part in Sylvia Sidney's character. She has the sixth sense. It is revealed in her profile, her eyebrows, her nose and her eyes—that unconscious desire

(Continued on page 65)



PHYSIOGNOMICAL FEATURES

- A. Face type. Sylvia is a mental-vital combination.
- B. Profile—concave. Indicates great love of artistic finish. Thoughts turn much upon herself. She is inherently romantic. She is tolerant, patient, sympathetic, and loves people as people.
- C. Coloring and texture. She is sensitive and impressionable.
- D. Head formation—upper. She is perfectly normal, though successful. She does not believe in taking chances where an element of foolhardiness exists.
- E. Distance from nose to ear. She has a very active interest in all things. There is practically nothing that doesn't get a response from her. Her judgment is good.
- F. Forehead (type). She is well-balanced, and possesses ability both to visualize and to reflect. Able to see both sides of a question.
- G. Forehead (vertical construction). She has an excellent memory and a fine imagination.
- H. Eyebrows. She is lively. Also moody and impressionable. Relation of eyebrow to eye indicates she is not deeply concentrative, but perceives quickly.
- I. Eyes—normally wide apart. She is able to regulate her emotions without falling into eccentricities.
- J. Eyes (shape). She is natively shrewd. You can't fool her. She may be polite and let you think you have put something over, but she is perfectly aware of what you are doing.
- K. Eyes (expression). Sympathetic. Indicate racial, inherent sadness, but this is a mood, rather than an active part of her existence. She can relax and laugh and be a little playgirl just like the rest of them.
- L. Nose. Shows she is capable of ardent affection, but is selective in mind. She likes comfort and material wealth. Not too discriminating to be snobbish. She is full of vitality.
- M. Mouth and lips. Full and rich with color. Show she is warm-hearted, though demonstrations are tempered by reserve.
- N. Lips (set formation). They are a trifle oblique. This means she struggles for self-control at times. The lips are also a trifle drawn down, but from a mood rather than pessimism.
- O. Chin and jaws. Her chin is broad and short. She is good-natured, but persevering. Likes to be easygoing.



Pauline Karloff was divorced from Boris Karloff three years ago, when he was unknown. When he suddenly became famous overnight, as the new mystery man of the screen, sensation-hunters thought they could force her to tell them about his past. They thought she would be resentful of his success. She has had to move to escape them



The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-WIFE

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

THE names of Clark Gable and Boris Karloff are on everybody's tongue to-day. Overnight, after years of struggle, they have taken the movies by storm. Everybody wants to know what they are like in private life, where they came from, how they got their start. Someone discovers that both men have been divorced. The Press rushes to find the ex-wives—to get *their* stories.

And if the ex-wives claim they have nothing to tell, and object to being asked impertinent questions? They will be forced to tell, they will be persecuted! This is no idle statement. They have already suffered this persecution. For months.

Reporters for sensational newspapers, feature writers for Sunday supplements, not satisfied with the prosaic details handed out by publicity departments, are vying with each other to unearth the most startling stories possible about these suddenly famous Unknowns. They realize that the ex-wives of these men know intimate details about these men—and *they expect ex-wives to tell.*

The lively curiosity of the public demands colorful facts about their favorites, particularly about their pasts. "You Americans!" Valentino once said bitterly, "you set up idols for the fun of tearing them down!"

In the search for color and sensation, everyone who has known the new stars intimately in the unknown past is sought out. But the brunt of the attack falls on the women they have put out of their lives and who, the sensation-hunters argue, must be anxious to get even with them. *If these self-appointed investigators were right, these women would be prosperous to-day.* Thousands of dollars have been offered to them for their stories—and indignantly turned down. And so they have been persecuted, bitterly, cruelly.

Refused Story; Lost Work

JOSEPHINE DILLON GABLE, as a result of refusing a well-known magazine writer a vindictive story about her ex-husband, Clark Gable, has lost many of her voice training pupils—because of statements the writer made about her. Pauline Karloff, ex-wife of Boris, has had her telephone disconnected and has finally been forced to

Does Clark Gable realize how his ex-wife, Josephine Dillon, has been persecuted by reporters because she will not tell, even for a price, the intimate details of their life together? Does Boris Karloff realize what his ex-wife has similarly suffered by remaining silent? No one can realize—until reading this story!

change her address to escape scandal-hunters. Both of these women, almost distraught, half-sick with anxiety, have come to MOVIE CLASSIC as their friend, and have cried out their sense of the injustice of such persecution in almost the same words:

"I am so unimportant. I ask nothing except to be allowed to earn my living in peace and quiet. I don't know how to deal with such people—they frighten me. If they would only leave me alone . . ."

As long ago as last autumn, Josephine Dillon Gable told me of the persecution she was enduring. She was desperate to find a way to stop it. She wondered if a story of Clark Gable's fight for fame, during the time they were married, would not satisfy the curiosity about their life together. She told me this story, and it was published in the December, 1931, issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. But its appearance only added fuel to the fire. If she had given a story to MOVIE CLASSIC, why couldn't she give one to them? They could not understand her reticence, did not want to understand it.

Neither of these women has any desire to capitalize on the sudden rise to fame of her ex-mate, or on the name she has a legal right to bear. And neither has any desire to harm, by any unwise word or by any statement to an irresponsible reporter, the men whom they once loved and married. As a consequence, they have been subjected to insults, bullying, threats and actual reprisals. They have been forced to wonder if they could trust even their friends. These ex-wives have had to ask for protection!

Clark Gable had lived in Los Angeles for seven years of struggle before he suddenly found fame. Every shabby side street in that part of Hollywood known as "below the Boulevard" has just such handsome, hopeful and often hungry actors who—once in a while—leave their unpretentious bungalows in make-up and rented tuxedos to play a bit in a society scene. Nobody knows their names, nobody knows how they live. A few gas station employees and garage mechanics (pals of his) knew of Gable's hopes and fears, his habits and his history—and they were the only ones. Except—the woman who was his wife for six of those years of struggle.

So the bloodhounds of the yellow press tracked Josephine Dillon Gable down to the humble little backyard house she had rented, in the shadow of Hollywood's own "Grand Hotel," the Roosevelt. Here she earned a

(Continued on page 78)



Josephine Dillon Gable was divorced from Clark Gable two years ago, after six years of marriage. When he suddenly became the new Great Lover, scandal-seekers sought her out, positive that she would say cutting things about him. She said just the opposite, despite money offers, despite threats. In retaliation, they have injured her



He'd Rather Die Than Eat Meat

George Arliss said that twenty years ago—when a doctor told him he couldn't live without it—and his statement still holds good. In protest against the brutal trapping and slaughter of helpless animals, he gets along—very well, thank you!—as a Vegetarian

By GLADYS HALL

WE SHOULD not kill!" says George Arliss. "We have no right to kill to eat. We have no right to kill animals for our own benefit."

Thus speaks "The Man Who Played God." *He* would not kill—or have anyone else kill—in order to clothe himself (or his wife) with furs ripped from the twisted bodies of animals trapped for the purpose. Nor would he countenance, if he could help it, the wearing of feathers torn from the bleeding breasts of birds.

He feels that no woman would be a party to the trapping of wild animals if she could once hear the piteous moans of the trapped creatures as they cry out their pain to the unheeding winds. He could not live happily with himself if he ate meat, remembering, as he does, the agonized eyes of cattle *as they stand in the blood of those who preceded them and await their turn to die at the hands of the slaughterer.* He could not, and he does not, subsist in any way upon the dead bodies of any creatures that have walked the earth.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss were coming West by train. With, I believe, the late great Minnie Maddern Fiske, herself an ardent member of the various Humane and Anti-Vivisection Societies. Enroute, they noted the herds of cattle along the snow-swept plains, some of the animals nothing but racks of protruding bones, many of them carcasses left there to rot, grim sacrifices on an altar more bloody than that of Baal. The cattle-men, it appeared, found it cheaper to allow the animals to freeze and to starve than to house and feed them during the severe winter. Kindliness—humanity—compassion—what had these benevolent terms to do with *animals*?

Eat Meat? Never again!

MR. AND MRS. ARLISS looked on these dumb, unburied dead and, for the first time, the suffering of these "lesser brethren" came sharply home to them. As sharp as the

(Continued on page 72)



Twenty years ago, on a train trip across the prairies, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss saw cattle dying by the wholesale, victims of human brutality. From that day hence, they never touched meat again. And they haven't missed it

• THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS •



Meet Wallace Reid, the 2nd, with his mother. Late star's son, 14, plans screen career



For second time, Joan Bennett cuts wedding cake. The hungry on-looker is hubby, Gene Markey



Because the world was beginning to call Harry Bannister "Mr. Ann Harding," Hollywood's most famous married pals are walking together no longer. Couple give "love for each other" as believe-it-or-not reason for divorce that stuns even Hollywood. See story on page 28



Last month, we showed Lily Damita sailing for Hawaii, and told you Sidney Smith, her broker boy-friend, sailed also. Here they are at Waikiki, "too busy to get married."



Is Greta Nissen the coy bride of Weldon Heyburn, twice over? See story on page 33

Divorce and romance rumors about Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Clark Gable? How silly! Here are all three, arm in arm, at opening of—you guessed it—"It's Tough To Be Famous." (So they say!)



What does Ann plan to do now? She will continue to live in the hilltop home she and Harry built together. Her present screen contract runs until May, 1933

DIVORCE OF ANN HARDING AND HARRY BANNISTER STUNS MOVIE COLONY

Union Had Been Called "Happiest Marriage In Hollywood"—Couple's Sudden Decision Totally Unexpected Even By Friends

BY LOUISE SYKES



Autrey

Ann Harding has suddenly become "a woman of mystery" to Hollywood, which never expected her to be divorced

WHEN Ann Harding and Harry Bannister announced that they were parting, Hollywood was stunned. This was one "happy movie marriage" that even Hollywood believed in. Everyone in town studied the notes the couple sent to the press, tried to "read between the lines," to find the real reasons for the divorce.

Ann wrote that because Harry, submerging his own career to hers, had gradually become known as "Mr. Ann Harding," they were divorcing "before this unfortunate situation has a chance to destroy the love and respect we have for each other." Harry wrote that he had had Ann's "love and respect and devotion" during the five and a half years of their marriage, and to preserve this, they were taking "the apparently drastic course" of divorce.

Ever since their arrival in Holly-

wood three years ago, these two have been exceptions to the Hollywood rules of scandal, divorce and marital unhappiness. Writers rapturously reported Ann's praises of domestic life, her love for her husband and child. Photographers pictured her with her little girl in her arms, pictured Ann and Harry much together. People beamed approvingly, "This is one Hollywood marriage that is different."

Women's clubs, very particular whom they invite to speak to them, sought out Ann Harding continually—as the one actress they could admire with clear consciences. Perhaps no other part of the public, except their personal friends, suffered the shock of dismay of these women's clubs when the divorce plans were released. Their last Hollywood illusion had been taken from them—this seemed to be their attitude. Everywhere a writer goes in Hollywood these days, he is besieged with questions. "What's the lowdown on the Harding-Bannister divorce?" Players talk about little else over lunch tables. Ann's studio, RKO, is still slightly dazed. They had no warning of the divorce plans. The publicity department bewails the

fact that they didn't have a chance to break the news "more tactfully."

Ann Harding is bearing herself through these trying days like the soldier's daughter she is. Self-discipline carries her to work every morning, head high. She steadfastly refuses to add anything to the statements she



A typical picture of Ann Harding, Harry Bannister and their daughter, Jane—"one happy family," now broken apart by divorce. Ann will have custody of Jane

and Harry issued. Ann has made no plans. Harry, of course, is going back to Broadway.

All kinds of theories have been advanced by Hollywood, explaining the sudden break-up of their marriage. The only theory that seems to be ignored is that the simple explanations that Ann and Harry themselves offered might possibly be true.

RENÉE ADORÉE, CURED OF DANGEROUS ILLNESS, WILL RESUME CAREER

French Star Completely Well, After Seventeen Months In Arizona Sanitarium—Reported To Have Received Offers From Every Studio In Hollywood

By SUE DIBBLE

RENÉE ADORÉE has left the Arizona sanitarium where she has been a patient prisoner for seventeen months. When she entered its doors, even the most optimistic doctors believed that her recovery would be nothing short of a miracle. Yet Renée Adorée, daughter of a French noblewoman and a French circus clown, will soon be back in Hollywood, *completely cured* of one of the most "hopeless" cases of tuberculosis on record.

The story of her fight back to health should give heart and hope to other sufferers. It is a story of absolute obedience. Once known in the film colony as the girl who danced hardest and laughed longest, Renée has lain flat on her back in the sun and open air, concentrating on getting well, for month after month.

"They ask me what I learned about life, lying there week after week, with nothing to do but think," says Lila Lee, who was a neighbor of Renée at the same sanitarium and has

returned to the films, likewise cured. "That sounds all right, but it's the bunk. I came out of there just the same as I went in!"

Perhaps so. But Renée Adorée's friends are willing to wager that Renée, when she makes her next picture, will be a greater actress than ever before—because she is a finer woman. The few who have seen her say that her patience, courage, self-control and cheerfulness have been amazing. Wherever the crowd was thickest, that's where Renée used to be. Yet for more than five hundred days and nights, the only faces she saw were those of her nurses, the doctors, and a Hollywood friend who flew down every few weeks. She and Lila had to communicate by notes, not in person.

It is a tribute to the human kindness of the movies that Renée still is on the payroll at M-G-M (where she became famous in "The Big Parade") and gets her salary check every week. It refutes the cynical saying, "Hollywood hasn't time to remember," that her friends have kept in constant touch with her—and last Christmas sent her a box half as



R. H. Louis

Renée Adorée, the French girl who fought her way to fame in American movies, has just won a greater fight—in which doctors gave her only a fifty-fifty chance

big as her room, crammed with everything that a sick person could enjoy.

Renée was ill for many months before she would give up her work. Doctors tried to persuade her to step out of the cast of "Call of the Flesh," midway of the picture, but she refused to force the studio to

remake her scenes. As though the shadow of the disease could be banished by bright lights, she was seen dancing at the gay cafés, in evening gowns that slipped from her thin shoulders. With the same fierce determination and will, she has forced herself to obey the doctors' orders of quiet and rest and motionlessness. And now she will soon be back in Hollywood—the Hollywood where she was once a star, and where she hopes she will be a star again. And why not?

When the news appeared in the newspapers that Renée Adorée had moved from her hospital room to a little cottage of her own where she would complete her recovery, they tell me that *every studio in town offered her a part in a picture!*

M-G-M is laying plans to remake "The Big Parade" and there is a rumor that Renée may be in it. If she is strong enough by that time, what could be more fitting than a comeback in her old rôle?



When Renée was in the sanitarium, weak and ill, Hollywood didn't forget her. Flowers, gifts, letters came to her constantly. And now come screen offers again

AILEEN PRINGLE SEEKS FREEDOM By MEXICAN MAIL-ORDER DIVORCE

After Eight Years of Separation, Actress Says
Final Farewell To Charles Pringle—Denies She
Plans To Marry Matt Moore

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

AILEEN PRINGLE, after eight years of separation, has suddenly sued her husband, Charles Pringle, for divorce. She has used the Mexican "mail-order" method—also favored by Nancy Carroll, when she divorced John Kirkland.

Eighteen years ago, Aileen wagered that she could make a handsome young Englishman propose to her in two weeks' time. She won the wager and the Englishman—Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, chief privy counselor of Jamaica. First the War separated them, then motion pictures, which her husband detested. She has not even seen him since 1925, when he made her a two-week visit in

Hollywood and refused to let her entertain for him or to go to parties for fear of meeting some of the movie stars he disliked so much.

Aileen explains about her divorce in the most Pringlish way possible.

"It was this way," says she. "My husband and I had a sort of 'gentlemen's agreement' that if either of us wanted to marry someone else, the other would get a divorce—but as long as we weren't in love with anyone, we would stay married. I rather liked the idea of being a married woman in Hollywood—it was a sort of anchor to windward, you know. And Charles didn't mind having an absentee wife. So we drifted along for years and years and years.

"Then, not long ago, he wrote to tell me that he did want to marry someone else. I believe that's broken off now, but at the moment he found me a decided obstacle to his happiness. So, of course, I promised I'd get a divorce. Only—you know I have a wretched memory—I kept forgetting about it.

I'd remember it at night, just as I was dropping off to sleep, but the next day it would slip my mind again. I made memorandums, 'Get a divorce to-day,' and lost them. It was a perfect shame, the way I neglected that divorce!

"You see, the main reason I'd never bothered to



Aileen explains that she had promised her husband to get a divorce, but kept "forgetting" about it—until she read about Mexican divorces

get unmarried was all the trouble it took—and the cold-bloodedness of 'telling the judge,' and all that. Then, fortunately, I read about the new mail-order divorces one can get in Mexico, without moving a step out of one's comfortable home, or waiting more than a few days for it. I called up my lawyer and asked him if they were really all right. 'Just as good as a Reno or Paris divorce, so long as both parties want them.' So he sent me the papers, I mailed them to Mr. Pringle, we both signed and they're off to Mexico now. And in a few days, when the postman brings the mail, I'll have my divorce."

Aileen denies that she and Matt Moore are going to be married. Matt lives a block or two away, and may be found at the Pringle home almost any evening, "when neither of us has anything really amusing to do," says Aileen, with devastating frankness.

"I've known Matt for twelve years," she explains. "We're such old friends that I can call on him when I haven't any other escort, and he can dine at my house when his cook is out. We're just good pals."



When the news broke that Aileen Pringle was getting a divorce, Hollywood wondered if she and Matt Moore (right) weren't plotting a wedding. They have been pals for twelve years, and there is something very domestic about the way Matt makes himself at home at Aileen's house, say friends



WAS GRETA NISSEN WED TWICE TO WELDON HEYBURN?

Hollywood Believes Norwegian Beauty and Alabama Athlete Eloped Three Months Before Recent Marriage — Renting Agent Had Sought House For Them

BY JACK GRANT

WAS the marriage of Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn at Tia Juana, Mexico, on March 30 the second wedding ceremony for this couple? Hollywood believed them secretly married some three months before the publicity ceremony. And Hollywood's belief was based on some fairly logical deductions.

The "secret marriage" rumors started when a renting agent, representing "Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Heyburn," negotiated for beach houses. The activities of this agent focused the spotlight on the couple as the latest who might have "put over" an elopement. Investigation revealed other circumstantial evidence.

Early in February, Greta and Weldon were vacationing in Agua Caliente at the same time. Then, shortly after their return to the Fox studio, Heyburn was spotted gazing raptly at a new portrait of Greta. A publicity man, standing near him, said something to the effect that she was "a swell number."

"She certainly is a wonderful girl," Heyburn agreed, still in his reverie. "We were married a few days ago."

"What! Where? When?" demanded the startled publicity man. Heyburn gulped, said something about "joking," and rushed from the room. The publicity man, however, was not satisfied. He had another member of the staff telephone Greta's apartment and ask for "Mrs. Heyburn." The maid expressed no surprise at the name, and after a momentary wait, Greta came to the 'phone.

Greta and Heyburn, however, denied being secretly married. Both refused to discuss the matter, although Heyburn did say there were a few little things to be settled before the wedding bells would ring out. He declined to say what those few little things might be.

There were rumors that Heyburn had been married before and di-



Though beautiful and blonde, Greta Nissen had been the victim of few romance rumors until she met Weldon Heyburn. Then she was rumored secretly married

vorced, but, as in the case of Gloria Swanson, the divorce had not yet become final at the time of the alleged secret marriage. At the Tia Juana ceremony, however, each said it was his first marriage. Again, there were rumors that the Tia Juana ceremony was performed as the result of a studio order. No scandal had ever touched the name of Greta Nissen and there had been considerable talk concerning her purported "secret marriage."

This romance with Heyburn is the only really serious love affair with which

Greta has, to our knowledge, ever

been identified in Hollywood. They met when she played Heyburn's mistress in "The Silent Witness," his first picture. Subsequently, the tall, blonde Norwegian beauty and the athletic young Alabamian were constantly together. Wedding bells for the two were inevitable. But did they ring out once or twice, that is the question?



Greta and Weldon flew to Tia Juana to be married

CLAIRE WINDSOR WILL FIGHT \$100,000 "LOVE THIEF" SUIT

Former Screen Favorite Does Not Intend To Settle Alienation-of-Affections Case Out Of Court—Hollywood Friends Rush To Actress' Defense

BY JOAN DICKEY

CLAIRE WINDSOR, glamorous blonde star of silent-picture fame, has just been sued for \$100,000 by one Mrs. Marion Read, who alleges that Claire alienated the affections of the plaintiff's husband, Alfred C. Read, Jr., 29-year-old stock broker. And one hundred and forty movie celebrities have come forward to offer aid to Claire as character witnesses.

"Time after time, my friends have been unjustly accused, and I suppose it's my turn now," says Claire, who is currently displaying her bloneness opposite Al Jolson in "Wunder Bar" on the Los Angeles stage. "But when your life is an open book, a thing so utterly absurd as this hurts. Why, I have seen Mr. Read only five or six times in my life!"

Claire says she is "going to fight this thing to a finish, because it's high time to stop this abuse of people in the public eye." She, herself, has been in the public eye at least a dozen years—and this is the first love lawsuit that has ever been brought against her. Naturally, however, there have been romance rumors connected with her name.

Hollywood remembers the hours that Buddy Rogers, in his moon-calf days, used to spend at Claire's little bungalow—and the interviews he used to give out about his adoration of her. That was five years ago, but even as recently as last year,



A year or so ago, romance rumors linked Claire with Philip Plant, ex-husband of Constance Bennett



Phyfe

Claire Windsor (above) says she will "fight to a finish" the \$100,000 alienation-of-affections suit filed against her by Mrs. Marion Read (right). Latter is also suing husband, Alfred Read, Jr., for divorce, charging cruelty



was the husband of another screen blonde, Constance Bennett. She was aboard the Plant yacht when it collided with another ship, and was rescued. She first told rescuers she was "Mrs. John Smith," but later admitted her identity, denying any wedding plans, however.

Visiting artists and critics used to pick out Claire Windsor as "the most beautiful screen star." She still is radiantly lovely. It is a remarkable tribute to her that in twelve years in the full glare of the spotlight, there is such a small file of sensational newspaper clippings about her.

"It is my experience," says Oscar Cummins, Hollywood lawyer, "that sooner or later every beautiful young actress is exposed to the dangers of such a lawsuit as has been brought against Claire Windsor, no matter how blamelessly she lives."

Claire intends to fight to lessen that danger!

Besides testifying in the present suit—if it ever comes to trial—Claire may have to testify in the suit recently brought against Philip Plant by the captain of the boat which was damaged when

Philip's yacht collided with it. rumor had Buddy calling up Claire across a continent — with a resultant 'phone bill of seventy dollars a week.

Then, a year or two ago, stories drifted back to Hollywood of the devotion of the young multi-millionaire, Philip Plant, who once

Another screen beauty recently sued for alienation of affections is Marlene Dietrich who also said she would "fight to the finish" the allegations of Riza von Sternberg former wife of director Josef von Sternberg Mrs. von Sternberg has just dropped her suit, before it could come to trial. Marlene had her husband, Rudolph Sieber, backing her fight. Claire Windsor has a goodly portion of Hollywood backing her fight.



MIRIAM HOPKINS

When is good old Paramount going to get around to starring Georgia's most famous daughter? There's a rumor that they're waiting until they capture the only living moviegoer who isn't Hopkins-conscious. Since she's something revolutionary in heroines, she is a charmer in Red Russia in "The World and the Flesh."



Fryer

Ann is the biggest little discovery since Dietrich—and a brunette, you'll notice. She is only 19, the daughter of Ann Lehr (once a star, herself), the bride of Leslie Fenton, and the pride of Warner Brothers. "Scarface" was her first film—and she stole it. She has stolen four more since. Here's a tip: Watch her in "Competition"!

ANN DVORAK



Gaston Longet

ANN HARDING

There used to be a song with the line, "I picked a lemon in the garden of love"—but Ann isn't singing it. She is picking oranges. Also, she says that she loves Harry Bannister too much to hear him called "Mr. Ann Harding"—thus their divorce. The title of her next picture—"Just a Woman"—may explain her explanation.



**THE NEW
GREAT
LOVE
TEAM**

James Dunn and Sally Eilers aren't near-sighted—they're just a couple of good lookers who can register romance even in close-ups this close. Gaynor and Farrell are their only rivals—and it keeps the Fox studio busy writing co-starring stories for both twosomes. The next for Jimmy and Sally is now in preparation

Confessions of a GIGOLO

George Raft, the most talked-about actor in Hollywood and the sensation of "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface," will startle you as Valentino did. And there's a reason. Twelve years ago, he and Rudy were dancing for profit in the same New York café, with women hunting for romance!

By
ROBERT DONALDSON

THE shade of *The Sheik* has reached from the grave to bring movie fame to slick, varnish-haired George Raft—not as a Latin lover, but as a gangster. Nor is it the shade of Valentino at the height of his picture fame, but of Valentino, the gigolo. George Raft and Valentino were gigolos together in New York in the days before Rudy was discovered and won fame in "The Four Horsemen."

Nearly thirteen years ago, that was. Valentino's star has risen and tragically fallen since then. George Raft's is just rising. Strangely enough, the two look amazingly alike, although Raft in no way capitalized on this in getting into pictures. The principal difference is that Valentino was somewhat taller.

Suave and sleek, Raft plays the bodyguard of that bloody character, *Scarface*, in the embattled Hughes picture of the same name. His death scene is one of the finest pieces of celluloid acting Hollywood has ever witnessed.

Oddly enough, people who have known George in New York whisper that at one time he played this rôle of bodyguard to a famous gangster in real life, and was seen about Broadway resorts, keeping always as close to him as his own shadow.

As the dapper and deadly underworld sheik in "Dancers in the Dark," he came close to stealing the picture from Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie. People left the theatre asking each other who he was. He has also appeared in "Quick Millions" and "Hush Money," the latter being his first film.

Raft was born in New York City, on 41st Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. His mother was Italian, his father German. When in his teens, he became a professional boxer, and fought for two years in the flyweight class, at 112

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Did you know that only a decade ago women paid George Raft to dance with them in New York's smartest cafés? And that he taught the Charleston to the Prince of Wales? His gigolo days are over now—and he's on his way to movie fame and fortune

Has CHAPLIN Stayed Abroad Too Long?

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is returning to Hollywood about the first of June, and—"It's about time!" exclaim his friends, who are often his severest critics. "The king of the movies has been playing around with European nobility so long that people are forgetting about him. He has become a playboy, a gad-about. But he'd better show up pretty soon where he works, or he won't be king much longer. He'll be a back number."

Chaplin went abroad for four months and he has stayed a full fourteen. He has been fêted like a king. No doubt about that. He has been acclaimed and applauded by the populace of London, Paris, Berlin and points between, while Mussolini-like he has bowed to the mob from second-story balconies. He has skied about St. Moritz and has frolicked in the sunny waters of Nice, Monte Carlo, Biarritz and their environs.

Women have figured in his life abroad—and how! And he has not only talked with kings of the royal blood, but has also gone promenading with them. He has dallied with prime ministers, lords and their ladies, and viscounts and viscountesses, and even tête-à-tête'd with Mahatma Gandhi. He has shot the works in hobnobbing with the idle rich, the bon tons and the nabobs.

A great triumph, all this has been for the moody, baggy-pantsed little laugh-and-tear-maker, who, sixteen



Like Mussolini, Chaplin had to get in the habit of bowing to crowds from balconies. Here's how he did it in Paris

Above, Chaplin as the famous tragi-comic little tramp of silent films. Will he have to talk now?

to eighteen years ago, was a nobody on his native heath. His greatest triumph, indeed—far overshadowing the one that he enjoyed on his previous trip abroad ten years ago! However, what of it? Has it been worth all the time he has given to it?

There won't be any rose-strewn pathways to greet his return to filmdom. The fatted calf will not be slaughtered to make a holiday for the returning prodigal. The film colony—that is, the vast new film colony brought in by the talkies—will probably just passingly say: "Oh yes, Chaplin's back," and then turn to other and more pressing affairs.

"He'll Have to Talk, or Else"

IT seems amazing, but the myth of the Chaplin greatness, so far as Hollywood is concerned, has blown up higher than a kite in the past twelve months. One can scarcely stir up interest in his fame or his fate among the present population. Most of the new inhabitants paid scant attention to the screen in the old days. The fact that the silent films had kings and queens, and that they were really celebrated, means nothing. Motion picture history began, so far as they can see, when the screen began to talk.

There is no long train of reporters, either, mak-

Appropriately enough, one of the places Chaplin visited was the land of Sphinx. He changed his derby for a fez

Associated Press



When Chaplin visited Berlin, this is how the enthusiastic populace "mobbed" him. You'll find him in the center, white-haired, with derby in the air. And only a year ago, even Hollywood was almost as excited about him as this! Right, as he looked during one of his few quiet moments in Paris

When he went away, the word "genius" was ringing in Charlie's ears. Now, only a year later, if he listens carefully, he'll hear Hollywood whispering that he's "a back number." How times do change—and how Charlie, himself, may have to change!

ing a trek to the comedian's quaint red-brick studio on La Brea Avenue, for news about him. Even when he was away, in former days, there was a perpetual parade of writers to the studio. They banged the doors in the hope of getting a glimpse of the place where Charlie worked, or touching his shoes or seeing his tattered comedy wardrobe, or the cane that he carried so swaggeringly. "Mecca," the Chaplin studio was called in the old days, and everybody sought to go there sometime to cleanse his soul in the place where screen art truly flourished.

"Just a back number"—that's the insistent refrain. "Charlie can't go on making silent pictures. He'll never make a go of a second one. The novelty of 'City Lights' put it over, but a fat chance he'll have to follow that up!"

The irony is that the last laugh may be Charlie's. After all, he is laughing now financially at the crazy, topsy-turvy movie city. The only picture that has made any really big money in many moons is "City Lights," and that's because of its international distribution.

The returns on "City Lights" will be between three and four million dollars. If "Cimarron," the biggest talker of the past year, gathers in two million dollars, it will be a wonder. Chaplin, grossed approximately half that amount on the New York and London runs of his picture alone, and there's no end to what he has made elsewhere.

The comedian will certainly be personally richer by more than a million dollars as a result of his exploit in the silents, exclusive of what may be deducted for income tax, and go for alimony, if that is to be charged off.

The Chaplin fame registers in all foreign countries. He set forth on his tour in February, 1931, sailing on the *Mauretania*. He was lionized in England, sat at the same table with the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland, week-ended with Lord and Lady Astor at their country place in Plymouth, was guest of the Duke of Westminster for boar-hunting in Normandy, had tea with Lloyd George in the House of Com-

(Continued on page 67)



Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

"**G**LORIA Swanson will never have a baby!"

Wallace Beery told me this during a heart-to-heart talk, years ago. He spoke wistfully, for he had recently divorced the budding star and one of his grounds—along with "desertion"—had been that his wife did not want children.

Barely twenty, athirst for an exciting life and burning with a determination to win film fame, Gloria felt no urge for motherhood then. *But now, twelve years later, a mother-complex is threatening Gloria Swanson's career!*

"I am going to have another baby!" she cried excitedly to the London press last February. "Isn't it wonderful?"

It was the cry of a woman who cannot imagine a greater thrill than motherhood.

She has developed a veritable passion for children and has expressed a desire for a large family. The question arises: Does this desire mean that Gloria now would rather be a mother than a screen star? Her friends think it does—and would not be surprised if Gloria should soon leave the screen.

Particularly since the baby born to her and Michael Farmer in London on April 5 was a girl—when she had been hoping for a boy, "so I could name it Michael"!

During the intervening years since she and Wallace Beery went their separate ways, Gloria has touched every point in a woman's experience. She has won world fame such as few other women have attained. She has triumphed spectacularly—and



she has been near failure. She has made fortunes—and she has been in debt almost a million dollars. She has married and been divorced, she has had a daughter and has adopted a son. Yet, just before she left for Europe in December with her new husband, Michael Farmer, Gloria told a friend that no fame or fortune or any other experience had ever given her the sheer joy that she felt when she knew she was to have another baby. She had never longed for anything more.

Pities Childless Women

"I AM thrilled to tears," she said, "and I find myself looking at other women who have not known motherhood, with a feeling of pity. I would gladly sacrifice everything I have ever gained, rather than relinquish this precious hope."

Though the coming baby was a secret that Hollywood wasn't sure it knew, she talked freely about it to intimate friends. Indeed, she would scarcely talk about anything else. She urged her bachelor-girl acquaintances to marry as quickly as possible in order to share her joy in bringing a child into the world. "If you don't hurry up," she warned them, as of the most terrible tragedy conceivable, "it may be too

Gloria, thrilled by new motherhood, is in a mood to leave the screen and devote her life to her children, say her friends—and point to evidence supporting their claim!

late for you to have any children of your own at all!"

Despite four marriages and three divorces before her thirty-second birthday (which, by the way, she celebrated on March 27 in Paris), Gloria firmly believes in marriage, believes it should be the foundation of every woman's life.

(Continued on page 68)

By MAUDE CHEATHAM



Dvar

RANDOLPH SCOTT

Gary Cooper, from Indiana, played "The Virginian." And now Randolph Scott, from Virginia, is in Montana to play "Lone Cowboy"—a big role for a newcomer, even a handsome, handsome man, smiling one like Randolph. But he looks as if he could carry stardom as easily as a saddle, doesn't he? You'll soon see!



Longworth

Even when the sound camera is momentarily idle, Paul Lukas isn't. Look around the shadows on the set, and you'll find him over by the wall, munching an apple, and saying his lines for his next scene. When this was snapped, he was playing in "Thunder Below," with Tallulah Bankhead. But now he is a Universal star

**QUIET,
PLEASE!**



STARS AT WORK!

When a player is re-
cept those the play
the slightest noise.
clicked his shutter c
Tallulah, tending to



Ray Jones

SIDNEY MAY BE TINY, BUT HOW SHE LOVES THE BRINY!

Sidney Fox—considering she's only five feet tall and a good-sized wave would bowl her over—can be very, very soulful about the seashore. Especially when she's dressed for it, as she is here. Universal is trying to find a story to fit her just as well—and then make her a star!



Richie

LUPE VELEZ

Here's looking at you (and vamping you!) for the last time in a long time. Lupe thinks "The Broken Wing" was her last picture for many a moon. She's now the hit of Ziegfeld's musical comedy, "Hot-Cha!", and it's likely to run for months. But you never can tell about Lupe. She might change her mind pronto!

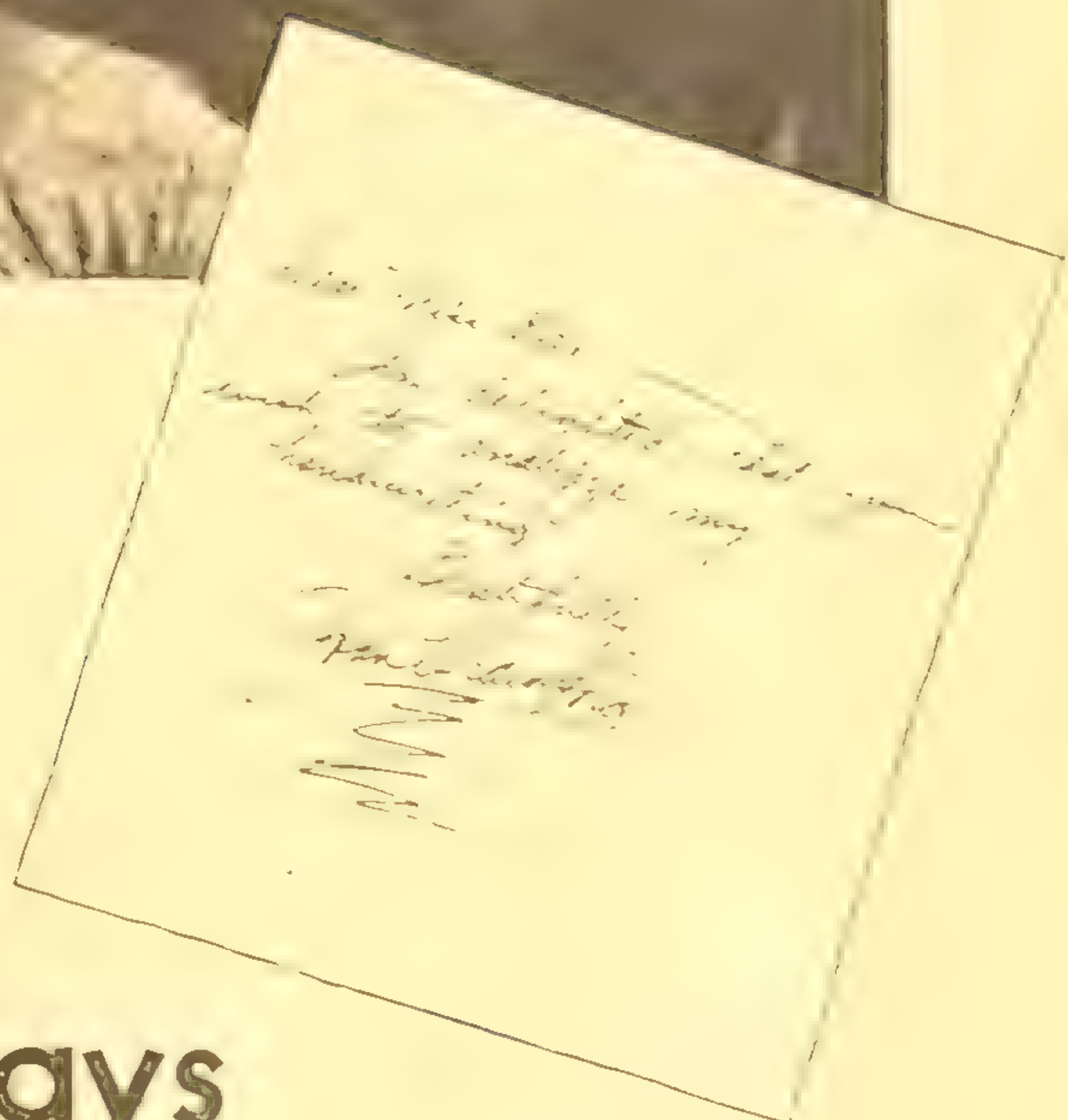


The last you heard of Corinne, she was retiring FROM the screen—and now you see her retiring ON the screen, and just as beautiful as ever. She didn't go abroad last year just for fun. She went for voice lessons, too, and to be with her husband, Walter Morosco. And here she is, in his new production, "Lily Christine"

CORINNE GRIFFITH



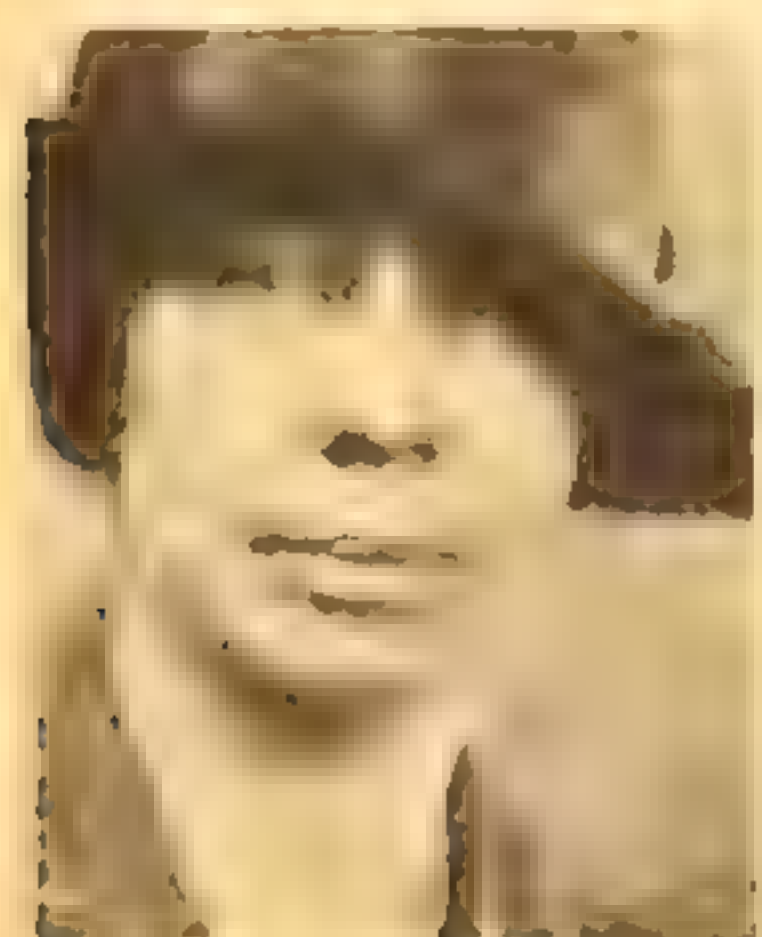
No man will ever *tame* JOAN CRAWFORD, her Handwriting says



Louise Rice, who is world-famous for her ability to read character from handwriting, tells you how she KNOWS! And she adds some other new discoveries about Joan!

TAKE a look at that zigzag underscore beneath Joan Crawford's signature—it looks just like a streak of lightning. Well, this explains to me some of the reasons for the great popularity that this star has gained. Such an underscore is always the sign of some brilliance and shows a marked degree of power and personal magnetism, which is an important asset

for anyone who is in the public eye. Napoleon, who almost conquered the world, used this type of underscore constantly and so did Zola, the great French author. We all know that they must have had brilliant personalities in order to be as irresistible to both men and women as they were, for Zola was an ugly-looking man and Napoleon had atrocious manners. But Joan Crawford has the added attraction of being beautiful, as well as brilliant, which makes her irresistible in more ways than one. So watch your step when she looks particularly charming and demure, as that pretty hair of hers covers more than some-
(Continued on page 70)



ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



Arline Judge has the college boys running around in circles—trying to find theatres where she's playing. From West Point to Stanford and other points west, she's the hot-cha HIT of the campuses. And here's her own story of how she got started!

Wide World

Three Long Cheers for Arline Judge

By DORIS JANEWAY

HERE you have Arline Judge: Five-feet-nothing-at-all, nineteen years old, curves like the bronze statuette on a lamp, skin the color of pale molasses, a saucy haircut, a sensuous, throbbing little voice and the trademark of her lipstick on the tips of her cigarettes. She looks like *Peter Pan* with sex-appeal. She is, to put it mildly, hot-cha (as Jimmy Durante and the college boys would say). And maybe you think RKO isn't grooming her for stardom!

Not since Sue Carol has any movie girl come along to play so much havoc in undergraduate circles, as Arline. They write her: "*You're a hon-ey, honey,*" and, "*when I step out to Hollywood, how about stepping out to the Cocoanut Grove with me?*" That Arline, in private life, is very much Mrs. Wesley Ruggles has made little or no difference in the date bids. But then, "College boys never were strong on reading marriage certificates." She has a million bids, a million of 'em.

She's used to being the college boys' delight. Long before the movies ever happened to her in "Are These Our Children?", she was causing her own parents plenty of excitement in wondering, "Is This Our Child?" She had her first collegiate date at the advanced age of fifteen. There was a chaperon, of course, supplied by the polite girls' school she attended. And from then on, her life was a gay round of proms and hops and—once in a while—near-romance.

"I guess I was lucky," says Arline from under the brim of a black hat that almost completely obscures one brown eye, leaving only a single orb to observe me and the RKO lunchroom activities. "I 'prommed' and 'hopped' it from Annapolis to West Point without ever running into the popular idea of the gin-soaked collegian. Most of the boys I met were just right—not too nice, and not too naughty. I can't get cynical about 'em."

(Continued on page 64)

"I was a careless wife — till a beauty expert warned me"

More than 20,000 experts advise one way to a youthful skin; daily use of Palmolive — only world-known soap made of olive and palm oils.



"CARELESS wives! Neglect and indifference spoil their youthful freshness. They take chances with love, with happiness. . . . Unnecessary chances, since the right beauty care is so simple." So one beauty expert voices what many experts believe.

* * *

Simple! Yes! Over 20,000 beauty experts outline a daily skin treatment. . . and every one has specified Palmolive Soap. Palmolive — because of the generous amount of olive oil put into every cake — because this priceless beauty ingredient makes it more than a soap . . . actually a beauty treatment, in itself! With your hands work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse . . . first with warm water, then with cool. Feel the fresh radiance of your skin.

The Rejuvenating Beauty Bath

Shave a cake of Palmolive. Add 4 cups of water. Heat till the soap is completely dissolved. Pour this rich liquid into your tub. Massage the body with lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse! Then, you'll want to go places, do things.

Careless wives, take heed! Let expert counsel warn you, now, today: keep your skin young, vital, radiant by observing the simple beauty treatments outlined here.



Retail Price
10c



"My husband and I have been married for many years. I have always been a beauty expert. I have always used Palmolive Soap. I have always been a beauty expert. I have always used Palmolive Soap. I have always been a beauty expert. I have always used Palmolive Soap."

—N. J. P. P.
F. J. P. P.
S. J. P. P.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

— Is 29 an

"I AM
29"

Esther Ralston



Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

Screen Stars
know the Secret
of *keeping*
Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no! They keep youthful loveliness through the years.

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart, "but I don't dread my next birthday a bit! Nowadays it's possible for a woman to grow even *more* charming as the years go by—if she is willing to take sensible care of her complexion!"

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. We on the screen, of course, *must* keep youthful charm and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary!"

How, you wonder, *do* these beau-

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary" she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

LUX

age to Dread?

"I AM
29"

Anita Stewart

tiful stars keep their skin so youthfully lovely?

"Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart.

"For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is so gentle, so beautifully *white*—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be! Because the stars' preference is so well known, the big film studios have made it their *official* soap.

Surely *your* skin should have this safe sure care! Buy several cakes and begin today to guard complexion beauty as the famous stars do!

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"



Photograph by Melborne, Art, N.Y.

Toilet Soap — 10¢

Roland Young LOVES TWO WOMEN

And Tells Why

BY HALE HORTON

THIS is the story of the world's most unusual triangle—the story of an actor who actually loves his mother-in-law. A mother-in-law, especially in Hollywood, is usually either a joke or a Tartar. Anyway, she isn't supposed to be anything human. When a marriage hits the rocks, she usually gets the blame. When the young couple are extra happy, she doesn't get any of the credit. She's something to be put up with, not esteemed. But here's the exception you've always wanted to meet. And found right in the wilds of Hollywood, at that!

The mother-in-law is Clare Kummer, charming woman, mother and playwright—while the man is none other than Roland Young, renowned stage and screen actor, whimsical story-teller, sophisticated world-traveler, valued dinner guest, gold-fish fancier and possessor of the world's most fantastic conglomeration of penguins.

He not only loves his mother-in-law, but, to quote the fellow himself, "If it weren't for Clare Kummer, my career very likely would never have amounted to a damn!"

Rather a definite statement, don't you think? But then Roland Young, in spite of his whimsical nature, is a definite sort of a person, an Englishman with definite ideas, a man who can make up his mind in a split second and who knows precisely what he wants, in either business or pleasure. Young admits, however, that he was not so positive a person before meeting the woman who was to be his mother-in-law. In numerous little ways, she helped even to build his character.

In considering Roland Young himself, first remember

Did you ever hear of an actor's loving his mother-in-law? But Roland Young, pointing to Clare Kummer, famous playwright, says she's different. They were pals for fourteen years before he married her little girl, Marjorie (right)—and Clare made Roland what he is to-day!



that you've seen him in a dozen and a half pictures, notably in "The Squaw Man," "New Moon," "Annabelle's Affairs," "The Prodigal," "Pagan Lady," "The Guardsman," "A Woman Commands," "Lovers Courageous," "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night." And furthermore, you were quietly enthusiastic over the whimsical high comedy so peculiarly his.

This son of Keith Young, famous English

hospital architect, was born in London on November 11, 1887, and he has been at peace with the world ever since. Before going to the University of London, he received a preliminary education at Sherbourne in Dorsetshire. "A very old school," says Roland. "Alfred the Great went there, and

all that sort of thing. The studies in my particular school-house were Thirteenth Century monks' cells, built below the level of the ground. But, as a matter of fact, this monastery life wasn't half-bad, as they served ale every afternoon. Although," he adds, "you couldn't catch a buzz on seventeen mugs of the stuff."

Even though Roland was a delicate child, he lived away from home between the ages of eight and eighteen. "But this had its compensations," he believes. "My being away at boarding school thwarted my older brothers and sisters

(Continued on page 58)

EVEN WHEN SHE
LOSES SHE WINS
WITH HER SMILE

I GUESS WE HAVE
TO GIVE HER
TOOTHPASTE SOME
CREDIT FOR THAT



"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."



The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.





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You wouldn't dream of appearing with a shiny, red nose or pale lips—then why allow light, scanty eyelashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? A few brush strokes of the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms colorless lashes into the appearance of long, dark, glossy, curling fringe.

The New Maybelline embodies every desirable feature of the perfect eyelash beautifier—it is absolutely harmless, practically waterproof—its beneficial oils preserving the lashes against brittleness. And best of all, the New Maybelline is positively non-smarting, and applies quickly and easily. Treat your eyes to beauty with the New Maybelline. Black or brown. Moderately priced at 75c—at all toilet goods counters.

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Roland Young Loves Two Women And Tells Why

(Continued from page 56)

in their great ambition to boss me around."

In 1910 Keith Young decided that his son, like himself, should become an English hospital architect; and if not that, at least a diplomat or a banker. Roland, however, preferred a cold to any career but acting, so he caught one, and, indeed, became so ill he was unable to speak. Sympathetically, his father quizzed him concerning his career, but this parental sympathy elicited nothing but heart-rending groans. In fact, when his father mentioned the banking business, Roland emitted a whole series of groans and paled perceptibly. It was only after his father had finally said, "Well, my boy, you might as well become an actor," that Roland gave out a happy grunt, and they do say the speed of his recovery was miraculous.

She Changed His Luck

AFTER a year at the Tree Dramatic School in London (this was after his 'Varsity days), he was given a part in "Find the Woman." Then he played stock in the English provinces, returning to London with "Improper Peter." So successful was he in this endeavor that he was given a chance in "Hindle Wakes," with which play he went to New York, and after which play he was dogged by a pack of bad luck, mitigated only when he met his future mother-in-law, Clare Kummer.

Now a successful movie actor, Roland Young owns a charming Beverly Hills home in which he lives with his mother-in-law, his wife, Marjorie, a Russian wolf hound "of the Romanoff line," and a black alley-cat called "Unex"—"short for unexpected," he explains. And an unbelievable collection of penguins. He owns a penguin from every port in the world, penguins of all descriptions. Penguins of ivory, wood, gold, silver and bronze. Penguins of china, blown-glass and steel. Penguins with their hats on, and in automobiles. Wood blocks, oils and water-colors of penguins. Families of penguins, bachelor penguins and young maiden penguins, demurely blushing. And this in spite of the fact that Young is known as a gold-fish fancier and insists that his life's ambition is to become a salmon! Besides the penguins, his hobbies are writing whimsical poems "not for children," and drawing caricatures of his friends and himself.

"I hate to think what would have happened to my life if it hadn't been for Clare Kummer. She molded me from a haphazard actor into a successful man." (For it was Clare Kummer who helped Roland exploit his flair for whimsy by weaving plays around it.) "Plays," he insists, "in which I simply couldn't fail!"

His Wife Was Then Ten

IT was in 1912 that I first made her acquaintance. Just before the closing of 'Hindle Wakes.' My wife, who was ten years old at the time, brought her mother backstage and introduced us and invited me to visit her mother's apartment. From then on a great friendship existed between Clare and myself, and still does, even though she now is my mother-in-law. I married her daughter Marjorie in 1926 (after a fourteen-year courtship!). Incidentally, during the wedding ceremony, which was performed on the vine-covered back porch of Clare's summer cottage at Narragansett Bay, a grasshopper caused considerable confusion by jumping down the front of the blouse of one

of the maids-of-honor, making it imperative for her to leave at once.

"But to get back to Clare: For some time after the premature death of 'Hindle Wakes,' I found myself at a low ebb. I had rehearsed six months, worked ten days and got paid for five—afterwards going with the Washington players in great affluence at twenty dollars a week. As a matter of fact, it was possible to live on it then—and, what's more, to drink on it, too. There were plenty of places to get a good cocktail for fifteen cents. Fancy that, if you will!"

"However, it was about this time that Clare gave me a splendid boost. In order that I might do something worth while, this dear woman wrote me a one-act play. It was put on at a banquet; and while I went up in my lines pretty badly, as I recall, Clare was very pleasant about it.

"Before writing that play, my mother-in-law already had composed two songs—'Dearie' and 'Egypt'—not to mention an enchanting musical comedy called 'Noah's Ark.' No, let's see, that's not the name. Ah-h-h," he grunted after a moment of thought, "now I have it! It concerned Noah's Ark and was called 'Rainy Day.' The one-act play wasn't musical, though. Just tropical. But it must have been beautifully written for it caused something very charming to happen to me. It was the well-known turning point.

Again She Came to Rescue

ON the strength of this play Arthur Hopkins, the producer, called me in for a part and inquired as to what salary I wanted. I took a deep breath and mentioned a salary which, to my ears, sounded most fantastic. I asked for a hundred dollars a week—whereupon he suggested that I leave the salary to him until after the show opened in New Haven. At which time Arthur again called me in and said that he had decided not to give me a hundred a week, but a hundred and fifty instead!

"Soon after this, however, I again seemed on the verge of proving a bust as an actor, and once more my mother-in-law came to the rescue." This time Clare Kummer rescued him with a play rather aptly titled "The Rescuing Angel," as well as a musical comedy called "Good Gracious Annabelle" and such plays as "Rollo's Wild Oat," "A Successful Calamity" and "Pomeroy's Past." So it was that Roland Young became a definite success.

From the first moment Clare Kummer met him she was the true motivating force of his life. What's more, he admits it. And he is deeply grateful.

"For everything I am or own in the world to-day, I am directly indebted to Clare," Young tells you with the utmost sincerity. "When I was nothing but a shiftless and mediocre actor, she comforted me, shooed away the blue devils, urged me on and encouraged me with words, as well as with the more material assistance of her plays. She gave me the opportunity of achieving a reasonably solid success on both stage and screen. Because of her, I am earning the money with which to gratify my rather odd whims, the money to run my home, to buy practically anything in the world that I want. And last, but not least, she gave me my wife, Marjorie, whom I love with my very life—so is it any wonder that I love my mother-in-law?"

Did You Know That . . . English producers have been cabling Roland Young: "Please come home. All will be forgiven if you do a couple of pictures in England" and that Roland cabled back, "Maybe I will?"

Why *Throw away* what you *Save*?



It's a bargain...but only if you keep it like new...

"WE FIND we're dressing on just about *half* what we used to spend," women tell us. "That's partly because we're shopping for 'bargains.'"

"But it's also because we're actually keeping everything like *new* so much longer.

"In the old days, a charming sweater blouse or a silk dress spoiled in washing didn't matter so much. But now we can't *afford* washing failures. They would wipe out what we save on low prices!

"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.* We wash *everything* nice the *safe*

way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

LUX is the first item on *any* woman's economy budget! Because these tiny diamonds are *made* to preserve colors, to keep silks and woolens soft and lovely. Made to float out the perspiration acids that discolor and weaken fabrics. Remove all odor that might offend!

Thanks to Lux all your bargains can be *real* ones! That enticing sweater, your charming printed silks will last this summer and next

*Such soaps, whether cakes, powders or chips, often contain harmful alkali which fades colors and weakens fibres. Even one washing with such a soap may do damage nothing can repair.



This year's smartest frocks come in washable linens and cottons and silks. Lux keeps them fresh, unfaded, lovely as new all season through.



This charming evening dress is of flowered organdy—delightfully crisp and fresh when it's new! To *keep* your pretty frocks new, give them safe Lux care.

winter, too. Even dresses you used to have cleaned, your gloves, your pocketbooks, can be kept fresh and new for ages with *safe* Lux. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



In times like these save nice things with safe LUX

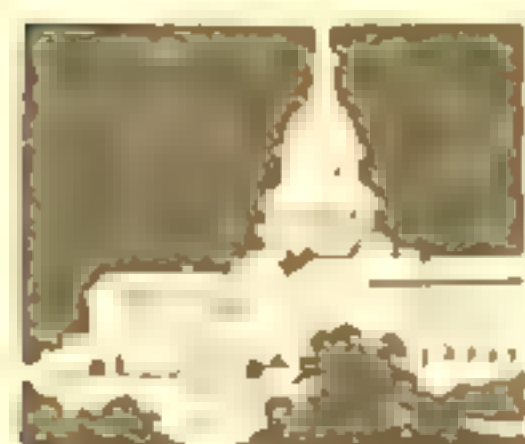


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THRIFT SAYS — "Save a lot of dollars on your vacation this year."

But Common Sense adds — "Have a great time. Relax, enjoy yourself. . . visit new places, see new things!" You can do *both*, going by Greyhound Bus. Fares are much lower, every day, every schedule. Coaches are parlor-type, with deeply cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Clean-cut dependable drivers.



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Three Long Cheers For Arline Judge

(Continued from page 52)

When Her Fun Began

COLLEGE life hit Arline when she was "going on sixteen" after a comparatively mild childhood spent in Bridgeport, Connecticut. At the aforementioned age, Arline's parents entered her in the Ursuline Academy, a finishing school in New York City. And then the fun began.

"It was during the football season and a schoolmate of mine knew some of the boys at West Point who were in town to cheer on their team against Notre Dame. I had had a date with a nice little fellow from my hometown to attend the big event, but two days before the game he was stricken with the measles and had to return home. It nearly broke me up. Not that I cared so much for him—but I hated to miss the game. My girl-friend kept telling me to stop crying. She said she would fix up a blind date with a West Point cadet who was a friend of her friend.

"I'll never forget the emotions of that first blind date. Any girl who has ever had one (and who hasn't?) knows what I'm talking about. You set out for the meeting one degree short of a nervous breakdown, wondering what you are going to draw in your Surprise Package. You harbor a pathetic hope that the Unseen Number will turn out to be a cross between your favorite movie actor and Bing Crosby, but you've a lowdown hunch he will be simple-minded and near-sighted.

"When the boys called for us the day of the game, I had to force myself to keep from walking into the room with my eyes shut (to ward off the blow as long as possible). But accidents will happen, even when it comes to blind dates. There stood my Big Moment, the best-looking boy I have ever seen. His name was, and is, Hugh Warner Stevenson. For two years I was madly in love with him.

And She Says She Was "True"!

"WE WROTE each other daily after that first meeting. I lost all interest in school. I would ditch any class any time to hop up to West Point to see my secret sorrow. What letters we wrote! I still have his. Wonder if he has mine?"

"Though I was really true to the Army," laughs Arline, "I couldn't help being interested in other collegians. Once, when Hugh and I had a little quarrel, I accepted an invitation to a prom dance at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. It was Dick Franklin who asked me (my mother's favorite among my beaux), but it was Jack Thorington who nearly cut out Hugh in my affections. What a number *he* was, and what a wonderful time we had together. Incidentally, I've had several letters from him since the release of 'Are These Our Children?' recalling the good times we had together and wishing me well in my marriage and my career."

I ask Arline if Thorington was a football player. They are supposed to wreak so much havoc among the fair co-eds. But she shakes her tousled head.

"I never went in much for football players. Most of them bend backward with conceit—and then they can't date a girl very much. Training and all that sort of thing. They have to be in bed at ten o'clock—and little Arline was usually just getting going good at that time. I did, however, have one week-end date at West Point with 'Red' Cagle. He was a nice, quiet kid—and I don't think he was particularly interested in me, or any other girl.

"You remember, it later came out that Red had been secretly married for some time and it caused an awful fuss when it was

discovered. 'Red' and I spent our entire time at the week-end dance consuming innumerable dishes of ice cream and trying to stir up a little mutually interesting conversation. I never saw him after that except on the football field. And what a player he was!

So She Became an Actress

"I GUESS I just about put the finishing touches on my *own* finishing school career, when I decided to ditch my first year finals and go up to West Point to see my beloved Hugh graduated. I had a whole book of round-trip tickets to West Point—and exactly twenty-five cents in my pocket. It was a glorious day—Hugh looked wonderful in his cadet uniform and I was so proud of him.

"Immediately after the exercises, he had to catch a train for home and I remember we clung to each other on the platform, swearing eternal devotion. I suppose I cried—I know I felt terribly dramatic. It was then that I made up my mind I was not going back to school—ever. I was too upset. I was going on the stage or something, where I could forget our 'cruel' separation.

"Kids are funny," Arline philosophized, "Hugh was no more than out of sight than I began to smile at another cute cadet I knew, Roger Moore. We chatted flirtatiously a couple of moments and Cadet Moore said he was driving back to New York. He asked if I wanted to ride along in his Ford.

"We stopped along the way and I sent my mother a wire that I was not going back to school and begged her not to be worried. I told her I knew the parents of several of the girls I had met at school and I was sure I could stay with one of my friends at her home until I could get started on the stage. Sure enough, I did make my home for a week or two with the family of one of my friends.

Her Mother Couldn't Object

"MOTHER sent me money and wrote that she knew I was not serious about my schooling and that I might as well try my luck at the stage if I thought I had an opportunity.

"While I had been attending Ursuline Academy, I had been taking dancing lessons from Jack Donahue. When I put my ambitions before him, he said he thought I had a chance to make a go of it on the stage. He got me a short vaudeville contract, a two-months stock engagement, and it was through his influence that I finally landed back on Broadway in Ruth Selwyn's 'Nine-Fifteen Revue.' Harry Carroll saw the show and, when it closed, offered me a job in his Revue. We were on the road for three months.

"When I returned to Broadway, I did a specialty number in 'The Second Little Show' and I guess somebody important from RKO must have seen, and liked, my little number because I was offered a contract to come to Hollywood.

"Yes, it makes me a little dizzy to think how quickly things have happened to me. Just three short years ago, I was hopping to college proms and suffering through schoolgirl infatuations. Wesley" (surely you know by now that Wesley means Arline's husband and director) "gets an awful kick out of looking at my collection of fraternity pins and rings and so forth. He says I was too fickle to have been so popular. If he had been one of the collegians he swears he would have shot me! I'm glad I didn't marry a collegian—as cute as they are, they are so *hot-chal*!"

You, too, Arline. . . .

You Can Read Sylvia Sidney's Secrets in Her Face

(Continued from page 23)

to put into her performance a finished, unbreakable artistic value.

Sympathy, too, plays a big rôle in her make-up. It is that almost tragic feeling for people—the Hebraic heritage of pity for humanity's little tribulations and struggles—it gives reality to her portrayals.

The shape of her head reveals that she is a perfectly normal, well-balanced person, so far as success is concerned. She doesn't overrate it and it won't turn her head. She is too level-headed for that.

Lively When She Wants to Be

FROM the physical standpoint, her lips, eyes and nostrils reveal that she is very vital in temperament. She could, in chosen company, laugh and play and carry on in the most abandoned manner. She could be very human and amusing. But she couldn't be that way with everybody nor could she be that way all of the time, even with friends. She has too much repression for that, but she is not a snob by any means.

Looking at the set of her lips, I would say that at times she has a tendency to get a bit unnerved, and has to struggle for self-control. This little tendency is invariably revealed by a slightly oblique mouth. But she is persevering and always comes through all right. I would say she had the makings of a sterling little friend and would be a good sticker through trouble. She may not as yet have had to put this trait to use, but when the time comes, I know she will be that way.

From the nose, nostrils and lips I should further say that she is capable of ardent affection—very ardent and very adoring, but it will be hard to make her show it at first.

Sylvia Sidney is a real "find," so far as motion pictures are concerned. She is just the girl suited to pick up the mantle of tradition for an excellent, artistic, sympathetic performance. She is a little Sarah Bernhardt in the making.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 22)

WONDER if things are as "rifty" between Johnny Weismuller (*Tarzan, the Ape Man*, to you) and his wife, Bobbe Arnst, as Hollywood is making out? The chief source of suspicion lies in the fact that Bobbe swore off professional work and promised Johnny she wouldn't do any more dancing after their marriage. Johnny didn't want her to dance any more.

Now that Bobbe is strutting her stuff in a local night-club, the folks are wondering if Johnny doesn't care now?

THE marriage of Joan Bennett to Gene Markey broke all records for speed. The actual ceremony by Judge Lewis Works was over in such a short blink of the eye that many of the guests didn't realize it had begun, until it was over. Even sister Constance, the matron of honor, was so surprised she nearly forgot to dash up and kiss the bride. Connie's ceremony when she married the Marquis took much longer. At Connie's wedding the ceremony took so long that Joan, as one of the attendants, made several false starts to be the first to kiss her sister, only to discover that "it" wasn't over yet.

Several hundred people attended Joan's marriage, at least half of them being press
(Continued on page 76)

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Confessions of a Gigolo

(Continued from page 41)

pounds. Later he took up professional dancing and as he was a good-looking young chap, with a touch of Latin romance about him, he soon heard of an opening in the gigolo business.

Where He Met Valentino

THEY didn't call us gigolos in those days," explains Raft. "The word was later brought in from France. We were known as 'dance entertainers.'

"I was a gigolo at various places in New York, but principally Murray's, Churchill's, and Rector's. It was a very popular thing for unescorted women to drop in at some fashionable place in the afternoon for tea, or a few drinks. There was good music, and the house furnished the dancers.

"I first met Valentino at Rector's—only he was known as Guglielmi then. Affairs were conducted quite properly. The hostess was Peggy Howard. She had charge of us. Each of us wore a white button on the right lapel to show that we were house dancers, and weren't outsiders promoting around among the women—which wasn't permitted.

"The café was divided off into stands, such as waiters have. Each gigolo was supposed to look after the ladies at a certain number of tables—that is, unless there were girls that you knew, and had danced with before, in which case it was all right to go to other tables and ask them to dance.

"We were paid two dollars an afternoon by the management, so, of course, we depended for our principal income on tips. The average gigolo earned between seventy-five and one hundred dollars a week, unless he was lucky and had some middle-aged wealthy dame fall for him, in which case he could expect much higher tips while the crush lasted.

"Valentino took care of the tables next to mine. He was reserved, probably because he then had a pronounced accent. To tell you the truth, we weren't as popular as some of the other boys in the place. The vogue for Latin types hadn't started yet, and most of the women were going for the light-haired boys. We often used to wish we didn't have such a 'foreign' look!

He and Rudy Learned About Women

YOU learn a lot about women, being a gigolo. Of course, it was principally a business with us. We were always on the lookout for older women, as they generally had more money and tipped us more liberally for our services, and also, if they liked us, would invite us out on parties for the evening as their dance partners, and, of course, that meant a good-sized piece of change.

"We ducked the younger women when we could, as they didn't mean much in a financial way. About all they'd ever do would be to fall in love and that interferes with a gigolo's business. Some of these girls were débutantes, some were fast-stepping show girls, some were high-class street girls—it was pretty hard to tell them apart.

"They were the type who wouldn't get in until dawn, and then would get up about noon. Having nothing to do until after dark, they would come to Rector's or one of the other places, eat breakfast about two, and dance or sip their drinks the rest of the afternoon until it was time to go home and dress for the evening.

"Such girls usually just had pocket money, about enough to pay their bill at Rector's and give a small tip, and, of course, had other engagements for the evening. The older women were usually the ones who were glad to have a good-looking escort

for some gay party. It was very flattering to them, and most of them, too, were good scouts.

"The principal worry of a gigolo is preventing women from falling in love with him. You'd be surprised, the number of girls and women of good standing who will get a great crush, really serious, on some professional dancer whom they've only met a few times, and about whom they know absolutely nothing. You have to put a stop to it quickly, but diplomatically, or it gets to be an awful nuisance.

Both Had to Dodge Marriage

VALENTINO, or any of us, could have been married a dozen times to anybody from débutantes in the Social Register to middle-aged heiresses who were lonely. The women we liked best were those who sought us out strictly because we liked to dance. One of my favorite clients was a woman who weighed all of two hundred and twenty-five pounds. She used to come in twice a week and I'd dance three or four times with her, and she always gave me ten dollars. Both of us knew it was worth it."

After some months Raft gave up the gigolo business for a vaudeville offer to dance with Joe Frisco. He developed a famous "broken-leg" eccentric dance, and appeared for years in night-clubs, and in vaudeville. Then he went abroad and danced his eccentric dance in the capitals of Europe. Eventually he located at the Florida Club, one of London's exclusive spots for the night-blooming nobility.

The club was a hangout for the Prince of Wales, who likes to dance, and it was here that Raft taught the Prince how to do the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

"The Prince is a pretty good scout," he says, "and likes to play around. He also likes to know all of the latest dances, even if he can't dance them in public.

"This was in 1927, and the Charleston was going strong. One afternoon the Prince was there with a party, and asked me to show him the steps. He was very intrigued, and came into the club twice a week thereafter to take lessons, and seemed to get a great kick out of it. It seemed funny to see royalty cutting up in the steps of the Charleston!

"Of course, I wouldn't take anything for my services—it isn't done in England—so the Prince presented me with a cigarette lighter with his name engraved on it."

Was to Be Rudy's "Brother"

IT was Valentino, the gigolo, graduated to be the world's greatest lover, who suggested Hollywood to Raft.

"I was frequently mistaken for Rudy in night-clubs. I saw quite a bit of him during his last visit to New York. He went to night-clubs every night, and was often seen at Tex Guinan's 300 Club, and the Playground, where I worked. One 'Celebrity Night' at the Playground, Valentino was my guest. He made me a proposition.

"Come to Hollywood, George," he said, 'and I'll start you in the movies. I can use you in my next picture, playing the rôle of my brother, and I'm sure with that start you'll go over.'

"It has been said that I was to be Valentino's stand-in and double, but this is not true. Look at the difference in our height! I agreed to go back to Hollywood with him. However, he was taken to the hospital and died a few days later, so I gave the Hollywood idea no further thought."

Raft is a typical product of New York, a
(Continued on page 73)



Chaplin usually prefers blondes, but Floriselle Constantinesco, Roumanian brunette, caught his eye

Has Chaplin Stayed Abroad Too Long?

(Continued from page 43)

mons, sojourned with Winston Churchill at his home, was the guest of Sir Philip Sassoon at an art exhibition and there met the sedate Lady Oxford, was introduced to the King of Belgium, was entertained in the South of France by Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould. The whole thing sounds like a Blue Book or an Almanach de Gotha. Only Gandhi and a British judge "took him down" during all this holidaying. Gandhi, living in a strange world of dates, goat's milk and meditation, averred that he had never seen a Chaplin picture, while the judge criticized Charlie pointedly for his behavior in a courtroom.

Chaplin's entrance into London was magnificent—a perfect piece of showmanship. A British publication remarked of it, "He descended on London at a time when it was not clogged with Ascot and Ranelagh, and royal garden parties and public school and university cricket matches and the like." He therefore occupied the center of the stage.

And here is where romance entered. For it was at a party that Sari Maritza, who is now in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, appeared on the scene as the lady of the hour.

In Southern France there was the more prolonged episode of May Reeves, really Mitzi Muller, that gained much public attention. She was seen with Charlie at Nice, Juan-les-Pins and Biarritz. She was nominated for a screen career. Charlie, whimsically, introduced her by the surname Reeves, because it was that of his studio manager, Alfred Reeves, and indicated that as "May Reeves" she would make her debut.

Only recently it has been discovered that there is another lady, who also contemplates Hollywood as her goal sometime in August. This is Floriselle Constantinesco, a Roumanian, daughter of very rich parents, whom Charlie met in Vienna, and who was tested under his supervision.

Miss Constantinesco suffers a handicap in her name, which would never fit in any set of bright lights yet contrived. So, consequently, she and the comedian debated the matter of changing it.

"Why don't you make it Chaplin?" he queried, but the young lady wouldn't take him seriously.

Miss Constantinesco is only eighteen years of age. Proof, this incident, that Charlie is still charmed by ingenuous youth—by

(Continued on page 69)

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Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

(Continued from page 44)

Perhaps her yearning for affection has led her into romances that never developed into real companionships, somehow. Then, too, Gloria, ever surrounded by a flame of excitement and leading a vivid screen life, may have found it difficult to adjust herself to the routine of marriage.

"The only reason why I should ever think of marrying again," she once told a friend, "would be to have more children." Now, in the handsome young Briton, Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, she feels she has found her true mate. Gloria's gorgeous sense of humor is matched by his Irish wit; their agile minds complement each other; they look upon life in much the same way and, best of all, he, too, wishes a family, adores the ready-made one he has married, and is jubilant over the new baby.

The Kind of Mother She Is

ALREADY, Gloria Swanson has proved herself the perfect mother. She has fought to keep the children from the public and she has never permitted a picture of them to reach the papers. So well has she drilled this into her daughter's mind that, when group pictures are being taken at the beach or at a children's party, little Gloria turns her head so as to be out of the camera's focus, or hides her face in her hands.

This is, I believe, the first story to tell of the inside life of the Swanson household, which is Gloria's own life more than all her publicized, photographed work and play.

Gloria II, now eleven, whose father is Herbert Somborn, Gloria Swanson's second husband, and nine-year-old Joseph, the adopted son, are two of the best-reared children in Beverly Hills. Perhaps because she missed so much in her own childhood, Gloria is making special efforts to give them every advantage. In her home on Crescent Drive, set amid spacious gardens, they are surrounded by every influence that builds character and gives cultural background.

They are unspoiled, democratic, well-poised and have charming manners—children to be proud of. When, before going to Europe, their mother told them about the new baby who would be coming, both were wild with joy and little Gloria said, "Wouldn't it be fun to have twins!"

Neither Gloria II nor Joseph has any desire to go into pictures. This is well, for Gloria would never give her consent. They may select any other career except that of acting. On this she is very positive.

Boy Is NOT Her Child

THE little girl plays the piano beautifully, and is studying harmony and also the harp, showing an unusual aptitude in music that may blossom into definite talent. Both children love to read, especially Joseph, who is buried in a book most of the time, sea and adventure stories being his favorites. Otherwise, he displays no particular talent yet, unless it is for boats. On his last birthday, he received a whole fleet of small sea craft and knows the mechanism and history of each by heart.

Naturally, Gloria Swanson has been the target for much talk—the price of fame. While she is never indifferent to unkind comments, she shrinks from criticism, but has learned to hide the hurt and keep her head up.

She tells this story on herself. One day in New York, soon after she adopted Joseph, a group of friends were chatting in her dressing-room when she said, "Let a woman be talked about once and she's always talked

about. I guess the only thing I haven't been accused of is being Joseph's mother." At this point, Lois Wilson laughed, saying, "Why, Gloria, don't you know that a great many people think he *is* your own baby?"

While she has always said that she wished he were, Joseph is not Gloria Swanson's child. This is a definite assertion. She made four pictures the year he was born, and was at the studio nearly every day.

Soon after her divorce from Herbert Somborn, when she thought she would never marry again, Gloria felt that her daughter needed a playmate and decided to adopt a child to grow up with her own. Though very busy at the time making pictures, she began her search for a suitable child. Finally, word came that a three-months-old boy, fulfilling her strict requirements, had been found and it was arranged for her to see the baby.

In relating the experience, to a friend later, Gloria said, "It was just like me not to pick out a curly-headed cherub, but to find Joseph—such a homely, scrawny little thing. When he looked up at me, I felt he *needed* me. It would be fun to bring him into splendid health, to see him develop into a fine, handsome, wonderful son! And it has been!"

Both Children Treated Alike

GLORIA has never shown the least partiality between the children and her will, it is said, divides her property equally between the two. Now that there is a third child, her estate will be divided three ways.

When little Gloria was about two, Gloria Swanson secured Miss Simonson as governess for her daughter. She is a capable, charming, motherly woman and the children love her devotedly. She has full charge over them, is their constant companion, and her word is their law. "Sime," as they affectionately call her, is the dominant influence in their lives.

Gloria is the lovely, perfumed goddess whom the children worship. She brings to them her sweetest side, is always cheerful, always merry and chummy. When she is worried or unhappy she keeps away from them. Gloria often includes them in gay larks, such as the time last summer, following dinner with a few intimate friends, when it was suddenly decided to stage an impromptu fashion show. Gloria II joined the others in dolling up in her mother's choicest finery and parading before the amused judge, Gene Markey. After the awarding of a flock of silly prizes, the party went to the kitchen to make fudge and raid the refrigerator. Imagine the bright page this will add to Gloria's memories! After all, children do not treasure the sacrifices and noble deeds of their parents as they do some bit of fun, some happy frolic that places them all on the same level.

Gloria and Joseph have attended the Beverly Hills public school on Rexford Drive, though at present they are at school in Switzerland. Miss Simonson and Ray, the trusted chauffeur, see that they arrive and return safely. The children also regularly attend Sunday School.

There is a private theatre in the Swanson home and Gloria often secures pictures she wishes the children to see. She makes this an event, letting them invite their young friends to dinner before viewing the film. "The Millionaire" and "Skippy" have been among the chosen few. Seldom does she permit them to see her own pictures—

(Continued on page 71)

Has Chaplin Stayed Abroad Too Long?

(Continued from page 67)

eighteen-year-olds! Lita Grey, you remember, was little more than a schoolgirl when he married her.

Likened Him to Christ

AT the Chaplin studio, a dozen or more tomes containing clippings attest the immensity of his conquests socially, artistically and, incidentally, perhaps amorously in Europe. But the most striking thing that they reveal is the fact that he was interviewed by Emil Ludwig, the author and biographer of "Napoleon," "Bismarck," etc., who compared Charlie with Christ. In order of world-importance and genius for swaying men's imaginations, Ludwig listed Christ, Chaplin and Gandhi.

Rapturously, Ludwig exclaimed, "What is the fame of Gandhi, compared with him who has shaken the world as only the figure of Christ has done before him? There is no one yet who has sustained such world-wide fame, and yet remained so simple and unaffected." I don't think there has ever been a greater tribute paid to Chaplin.

What star of the films has ever gained so much for his enterprise? The spotlight was continuously focused on Chaplin abroad, even though it flashes on him only intermittently at home. He never missed a chance to "sell" his picture to his international audience. That Charlie went to Europe, and that he remained away so long, for any other reason than "selling" the picture is gravely doubted in Hollywood, though it is willingly granted that he is a great "play-time Charlie." Beside him, even Barnum was a rank amateur as a ballyhooer.

Don't fool yourself that this little comedian doesn't know the value of publicity. From the old, old days he has always managed to get plenty of it.

The expedients he used in the beginning were very simple—such as performing comedy stunts on the old "million-dollar rug" (now long forgotten) at the Alexandria Hotel, his "dallying"—that's the word he himself once used to me to describe it—with beauteous damosels of the movies. He has always aimed to be a romantic figure.

Now he goes after the "big stuff." It's kings, queens and aces with Charlie. And meanwhile, how the profits roll up!

Charlie found out in Europe that he could even get along without a press-agent. So Carlyle Robinson, who has worked in that capacity for him for many years, came home.

But now the headliner has his biggest battle right ahead of him. He'll have to convince the movie folk themselves that he's still a kingpin. He'll probably have to make some hard-headed theatre men believe that he can still go on making silent pictures. And he'll have to keep in the spotlight here as he has abroad.

The "dope" in Hollywood is that Charlie will start in, as soon as he returns, to make a feature for release next January. Sounds funny, that positiveness—for anyone who knows Charlie's glacial slowness in producing films—but it is more or less official. There still seems to be money in those Chaplin productions, even if the exhibitors demand that the next be some sort of talkie.

Charlie will have his own way about all this, though, as he always does. And it's more than likely to be the shrewd way. He can still perhaps outsmart the smartest. They may joke about his genius, his moods, his headline getting—but they can't deny Charlie is a good business man to date.

His European trip hasn't been mere monkeyshines. Monkeyshines went into it—plenty, but it has also been a smart and profitable adventure.

GUILTY—AND DIDN'T KNOW IT.....by ALBERT DORNE



THERE WAS A MAN NEXT TO ME ON THE TROLLEY THIS MORNING. AND DID HE HAVE "B.O."! I HAD TO MOVE TO ANOTHER SEAT

OH, YOU NOTICED IT, DID YOU?



WHY DID SHE GIVE ME SUCH A FUNNY LOOK. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND GIRLS—OR MEN EITHER. SO STAND—OFFISH AND UNFRIENDLY

LATER SHE FOUND OUT WHY

IMAGINE HER COMPLAINING ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE'S "B.O."



POOR GIRL—SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW OFTEN SHE OFFENDS

IT'S A SHAME. SHE'S SUCH A LOVELY GIRL EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE FAULT



WHY DIDN'T I USE LIFEBOUY LONG AGO? IT AGREES WITH MY SKIN—AND HOW CLEAN I FEEL

"B.O." (BODY ODOR) ENDED — HAPPILY ENGAGED

OH, TOM, AREN'T THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE DARLINGS TO SEND ME ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS?

YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE POPULAR LITTLE LADY WITH EVERYBODY, INCLUDING ME!

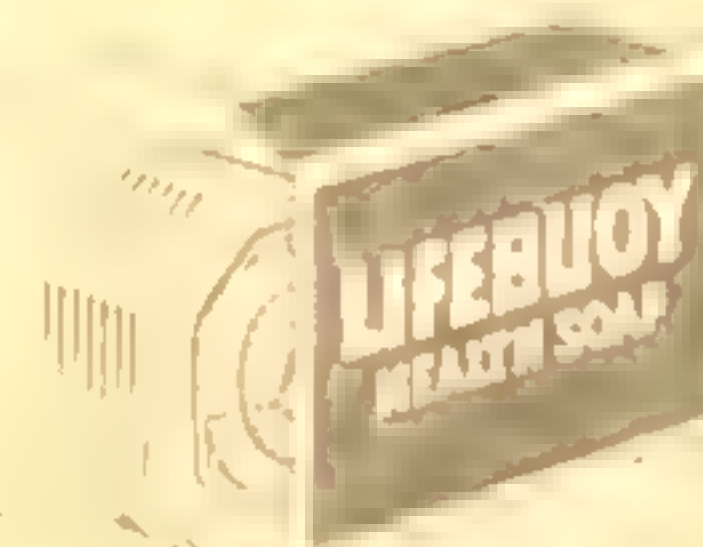


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No man will ever tame Joan Crawford, her Handwriting says

(Continued from page 51)

thing on which to put her new Paris hat.

Although her personality shows both charm and brilliance, there is a sound underlying element in her character that also gives her practical ability. Take another look at her signature and notice her full, round letter "J"—and the way in which her first and last name are tied together—and the open-looped "d" in her last name, which swings backward with a graceful flourish until it almost joins her unusual underscore.

Can Hide Her Emotions

THESE show self-confidence and assure us that she is not afraid to tackle hard work when it's necessary to do so. They also tell me that she has physical vitality and enthusiasm, so that she has no trouble in finding a great deal of enjoyment in her work—even though she may not show this enjoyment on the surface. Joan would make a good poker player, as she can keep her thoughts to herself and not bat an eyelash if she chooses, no matter what she may be feeling underneath. You can see this in her small "o's" and "a's," which are almost all tightly closed and somewhat angular. This is true despite her capital "D" in "Dear," which is a trifle open, and despite the forward angle of her handwriting, which shows that she is also frank and sincere and can show her emotions easily.

All these characteristics of her handwriting of which I have spoken, taken in conjunction with the fairly wide and even spaces between her words, show me that she has the ability of cool and deliberate thought—probably unsuspected by the average male with whom she comes in contact. Men will be apt to judge her by her charm entirely and will not expect her to have much braininess. But in reality her mind is accurate and logical, and she knows how to enhance her real power and brilliance by displaying it cautiously, rather than in a too spectacular manner, which would scare off people or make them envious of her.

She, herself, may not be conscious of her reason for this cautiousness, as it is more or less an instinctive reserve, caused by a certain self-analysis, which makes her want to think firstly and act secondly. Notice that her "t" crossings are about in the middle of the letter and not 'way up at the top, which is where you would be apt to find them in a handwriting so full of motion and rhythm. Look at your own handwriting or that of your friends and see if this is not true in most cases. You movie addicts who have seen her in various pictures in which she portrays "flaming youth" may wonder at what I am telling you, but I assure you this is true and not a press-agent's story.

What Proves She's Moody

WITH all this caution and self-analysis, you will find that she can be temperamental at times, even to tantrums, and is not always easy to handle. At such times she is apt to forget her caution and probably says things which she deeply regrets afterwards, or else bottles up these bitter feelings until she is about ready to bite a nail in two. Notice that there are six different kinds of "t" crossings in this short specimen of her handwriting, and a slight downward pull to the word "handwriting," and a long, graceful dash after the word "Rice." Yet the majority of her handwriting runs slightly upward. When you find these combinations, you will always find some moodiness, although it is not a very dominant quality in Joan's nature.

The truth of the matter is that she is changeable by temperament, but logical mentally—and, this makes her somewhat difficult for the casual observer to understand. Some perfectly innocent little thing will strike her in the wrong way, and then come the fireworks. But her mood is apt to go as quickly as it comes.

Fortunately, she has a sense of humor and can laugh at many things that might make other women cry and tear their hair. Thus she is able to be amused by her mistakes, when the first bitterness has worn off, and to forget the hurt to her pride, and forgive it, too, when it concerns herself alone. But if you hurt anyone for whom she really cares, watch out—for that she will never forgive and forget, and for such people she will fight.

And that brings us to her love nature and the intimate personal side of her character which, after all, is just as important as the mental side and much more interesting to some of us, I dare say. This young woman may marry once or a dozen times during her life—which should be long, barring accidents, as she has excellent physical vitality—but no man will ever possess more of her than she chooses to give.

Yet there is plenty of affection and emotion shown in her handwriting, and she can give royally when she cares to do so. Notice the first high stroke of her capital "M" in "Miss," and you will see a spirit of defiance which shows independence and dislike of being possessed too greatly, even by those who are first in her affections. On this account, it is easier for her to play at love than to give herself freely and fully, and people may think her indifferent when she is really quite the contrary.

Be careful not to try to take anything away from her which she feels is *hers*—unless she *offers* it to you first. And that applies not only to her possessions, but to those whom she loves, as well. She can fight for *her rights* when necessary and will dislike people who take too freely of her time or her possessions without *asking*.

Her Ideal of a Husband

SHE is fond of good times and spending money, although I would not call her recklessly extravagant. She will not want anything that is elaborate or fussy, as her tastes are simple and her judgment good. I doubt that she has much patience when it comes to trying on dozens of gowns, if she has to stand very long to be fitted, in spite of her love of attractive clothes.

Her ideal of a husband is a man who is nice-looking, but he must not be a "pretty" man or without spunk. For she likes to be dominated to some extent, even though she may fight against it and be very independent. What woman doesn't? The man who can hold her love the longest will be firm, but not too dictatorial and "bossy," and will understand her reserve, as well as her loving nature.

Thus we have Joan Crawford, as shown by her handwriting. (And handwriting tells the truth about us all, no matter how we may try to hide or disguise ourselves to the world in general.) Life should always be interesting to her, as she has so much charm and talent and the strength to fight for what she wants to gain. She should be careful not to be too tensely personal in her reactions and to use her talents along the serious, as well as the lighter, lines of pictures. For she has only begun to develop her real stage personality and ability, in spite of the success that she has already found.

Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

(Continued from page 13)

"Indiscreet" being an exception and did they greet the hilarious ice cream sequence with glee!

Gloria II and Her Father

BETWEEN little Gloria and her father, Herbert Somborn, there is a strong affection. Somborn, owner of the fashionable Brown Derby cafés, delights in giving his daughter festive luncheons, with Sime, Joseph and a few of her girl-friends as guests. Lunchers at the Brown Derby often find them tête-à-tête in a booth. Then there are happy week-ends at his beach home.

Gloria II is a blonde edition of her mother—sweet, gentle, with bubbling humor, and is affectionate and responsive. Once while watching her, Somborn turned to his friend with tears in his eyes, exclaiming: "That's the sweetest thing God ever made."

He had planned to give little Gloria a big Christmas party at his Malibu place, but her mother wired for Miss Simonson and the children to meet her at once in New York as they were sailing for Europe. Somborn and his daughter had a mournful dinner together the night she left, he drove her to the station, and the two clung to each other until the final moment, both heart-broken at the parting.

From the first, however, both Gloria II and Joseph took to Michael Farmer, and solemnly advised their mother to marry him. But up to the time they left for Europe, they continued to address him formally as "Mr. Farmer."

They liked the Marquis de la Falaise, their mother's third husband, and called him "Sunny Jim." But they adored Gene Markey, who a year ago seemed slated to become the Marquis' successor. He played with them, taught little Gloria new dance steps, talked boats by the hour with Joseph; altogether, they were very chummy.

Now, the Marquis and Gene Markey are brothers-in-law, having married the Bennett sisters, Constance and Joan. One wonders if they ever cast surreptitious glances at each other when Gloria Swanson's name is mentioned. But this is Hollywood. All of its drama does not reach the screen.

Signs of Farewell Plans

FRIENDS of Gloria Swanson believe that when she leaves the screen, she will live in Europe—she loves it over there—and devote her time to music. And whether or not she is planning to leave the screen very soon, there is every indication that she is planning a long stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Farmer have leased a luxurious home in Farm Street, Mayfair, London—and are planning to stay there through the summer, at least. Gloria, like Corinne Griffith, may make a picture for a British film company, and she may not. But in any case, she will remain abroad for several months.

Moreover, the older children, along with Miss Simonson, are living at the Villa Sorella at St. Moritz, Switzerland, and going to school there. They are getting acclimated to Europe. And Gloria's newest child (whose name is Michele Bridget) is already a British citizen, like her father—not American-born, like her mother. Isn't it strange that Gloria should want her child born abroad if she were planning to bring up the child here, where the little girl would have to be naturalized to become a citizen?

In short, is Gloria getting ready to say farewell to Hollywood—and all that it has stood for in her life?

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He'd Rather Die Than Eat Meat

(Continued from page 26)

ribs of the poor creatures knifing their ribs and flanks. So this, they thought, *this* is what goes on that Man may eat his steak, his roast beef, his veal?

On that day, then and there, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss said, almost in unison, "We shall never eat meat again!"

They never have. On that day they stopped eating the flesh of animals and never have they touched it or had it upon their table since.

Mrs. Arliss says, quaintly, "*I shall never eat anything I can pat.*" A quaint comment, but also a poignant one. For there is something about that simple statement that carries with it the implication of cannibalism. You become aware that someone has killed—for you to eat—a creature that once could answer to touch and call. You are eating a friend. To murder a living thing, whose capacity for suffering neither you nor I can presume to gauge—well, it's something most of us have never thought much about.

We say, if we say or think anything about it at all, that we need meat in order to live. But Mr. Arliss, very much alive and signally vital and more famous than ever, after twenty meatless years, says quietly, "*Do we?*"

It was at first predicted by members of his immediate family that a wasting away, followed by an early death, would be Mr. Arliss' meatless fate. The fact that George Bernard Shaw, that bristling literary giant, and Eustace Miles, the Herculean athlete, were vegetarians did not seem to ease their minds. And, just in the beginning, Mr. Arliss did feel a trifle nervous, himself. He consulted an eminent specialist. The E.S. discovered that his patient had foresworn meat. He said portentously, "Oh, but, my dear fellow . . ."

The Health "Risk" He Took

HE MORE than implied that he really could not be responsible for Mr. Arliss, if Mr. Arliss did not go back to his prime ribs. It meant, to put it bluntly, Death or Meat. And it took Mr. Arliss, with visions of those prairie slaughter houses before his mind's eye, less than an hour to decide—on Death. That was twenty years ago. Need I go on? In the words of the title of his latest picture, his decision seems to have been "A Successful Calamity."

Mr. Arliss is not a fanatic. He does not label himself a Vegetarian. He eats eggs and he also eats fish on occasions. He salves his conscience on this last count by the belief that fish do not have as much feeling as the animal world. Nor would Mrs. Arliss particularly care to pat a fish! He admits, tolerantly and moderately, that there are circumstances which are drastic enough to call for the killing of certain animals. If a horde of rabbits, for instance, invade and consume a farmer's corn-bins, something certainly has to be done about it. Or if a marauding, starved tiger or two invite themselves into a native African village and devour several infants, those tigers should be put to death, of course.

No, Mr. Arliss does not mount a soap-box and become militant. He appeals only to the humanities. It is unnecessary death to animals that he deplors. He quotes William Beebe, the noted naturalist, explorer and animal "critic," who once said that he believes a man could go to sleep in any forest, in any part of the world, and be unmolested. Provided that he did not, himself, molest.

Can't Man Kill Humanely?

MR. ARLISS asks, merely—humanity. He does ask that. He asks, very specially, mercy in the method of killing. He

would wish that men did not kill to eat, nor kill to adorn their women-folk with the pelts of once-living things. He deplors the frightful methods of the slaughter houses. He asks if you—or you—or you have ever seen animals being driven to their deaths. He wants to know whether you have ever seen, with your own eyes, the hideous knowledge of impending slaughter that glares from theirs. He says, simply, sternly, "Of course, they know!"

He says, in discussing the right or wrong of killing for food, that he is frequently met with the argument that this slaughter is what Nature intended—that all animals prey, the one upon the other. But we—we are above the animal kingdom. We are, we claim, superior. We are differentiated by intelligence and emotions. What better way of showing this differentiation than by NOT killing in order to eat? What valid excuse have we left, since it has been clearly and definitely proved by vegetarians that man can live at least as well without meat as with it?

Even more emphatically does Mr. Arliss feel about the so-called scientific need for vivisection—surgical experimentation on other living creatures. This casual murder and mutilation of countless animals has been going on, he reminded me, for two or three thousand years. Where has it led? What, precisely, have we gained from it? What has it proved? What is the sum total of all this bloody pain and conscious, fearful death? Time and again, he told me, valuable discoveries are claimed by vivisection and time and again these same discoveries are eventually admitted by the medical profession to be useless—or worse. In fact, according to Mr. Arliss, the scientist has found it difficult to prove that any important discovery has ever been made through the medium or agency of vivisection of animals.

He's Against Vaccinations

MR. ARLISS most definitely does NOT believe in serums and anti-toxins and vaccines—grown in the bodies of living animals. He does not believe in shooting the foul stuffs into healthy human organisms on the remote chance that these healthy organisms may, at some future date, become infected with smallpox or diphtheria or typhoid. And once you have begun, he asks, where are you to stop? After being inoculated with serums for everything from measles to the pox, you might reasonably expire of spinal meningitis or some other infection of the central nervous system.

Mr. Arliss believes that generally improved sanitation and hygienic conditions are responsible for the decreases in disease and the elimination of nationwide plagues.

He believes, this Man Who Played God, that if animals had never been used for experimentation and that if the same amount of time and thought and money had been expended upon a sane study of the human body, itself, we should be far more advanced to-day in the knowledge of human diseases. And even assuming that certain researches involving vivisection have proved valuable, Mr. Arliss denies our right to cause such untold suffering for our own ends. Who is to say, who even dares to say, that several million beasts must suffer that Man may be saved?

"We should not kill!" says George Arliss.

But if it must take Man generations more to become sensitized to slaughter, then, at the best and least, this very charming man asks that we kill kindly, swiftly, mercifully, with a minimum of suffering for those living things who die that we—that we—well, what?

The Ideal Marriage

MUST ITS "HEALTH FACTS" BE KEPT A MYSTERY?



George Raft doesn't want many more gangster rôles. He'd like a chance at a romantic rôle—and believes there's a reason why he could play it

Confessions of a Gigolo

(Continued from page 66)

Broadwayite who knows his way around, sophisticated, wise, smooth, soft-spoken without being particularly well-educated, but never bored with life. His face is mask-like, but his eyes are amazingly expressive.

"In the gigolo game you meet everyone from society people and royalty to gangsters and racketeers," he says. "I danced at many private parties for millionaires, including a party that Schuyler Parsons, one of the bluebloods, gave for the Prince of Sweden. Yes, I've met gangsters, too, many of the big shots. They like to hang around the cafés."

Doesn't Try to Act

HE CAME to Hollywood by accident. Texas Guinan asked him about a year ago to go to Chicago with her show. He went, but after a couple of days left it, and decided to go to California on a trip.

"It was just a vacation, and the day before I was to leave for New York I was eating in the Brown Derby, looking over the movie people. Rowland Brown sent over and asked to meet me. He said I was the type he wanted for his picture, 'Quick Millions.' I told him I hadn't appeared in pictures, but would take the part, and if after a couple of days he didn't like me, I wouldn't expect any pay. But everything went all right, and I've been in pictures ever since.

"I had never done any dramatic work before—only dancing. I don't try to act, and I think I do my best work when they leave me alone, so I can be natural."

He lives quietly in an inconspicuous apartment with another New Yorker named "Tony," a typical Dese, Dose and Dem boy. If you call George on the telephone, you get Tony. Whether he is bodyguard, secretary or merely a friend, one doesn't quite know.

It is to be recalled that the Great God Gable got his start to fame in a gangster rôle. Raft hopes to do the same.

"But I don't want to become identified as a gangster type. What would I like to play? Well, perhaps I shouldn't say it, but I think I can play lover rôles.

"You see, I have plenty of experience. I used to be a gigolo."



Dr. Margarete Huppert, Graduated in Vienna; formerly connected with the gynecological department and the maternal ward of the Hospital of the University of Vienna. At present associated with the Mariahilf Ambulatorium and Hospital.

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DR. MARGARETE HUPPERT

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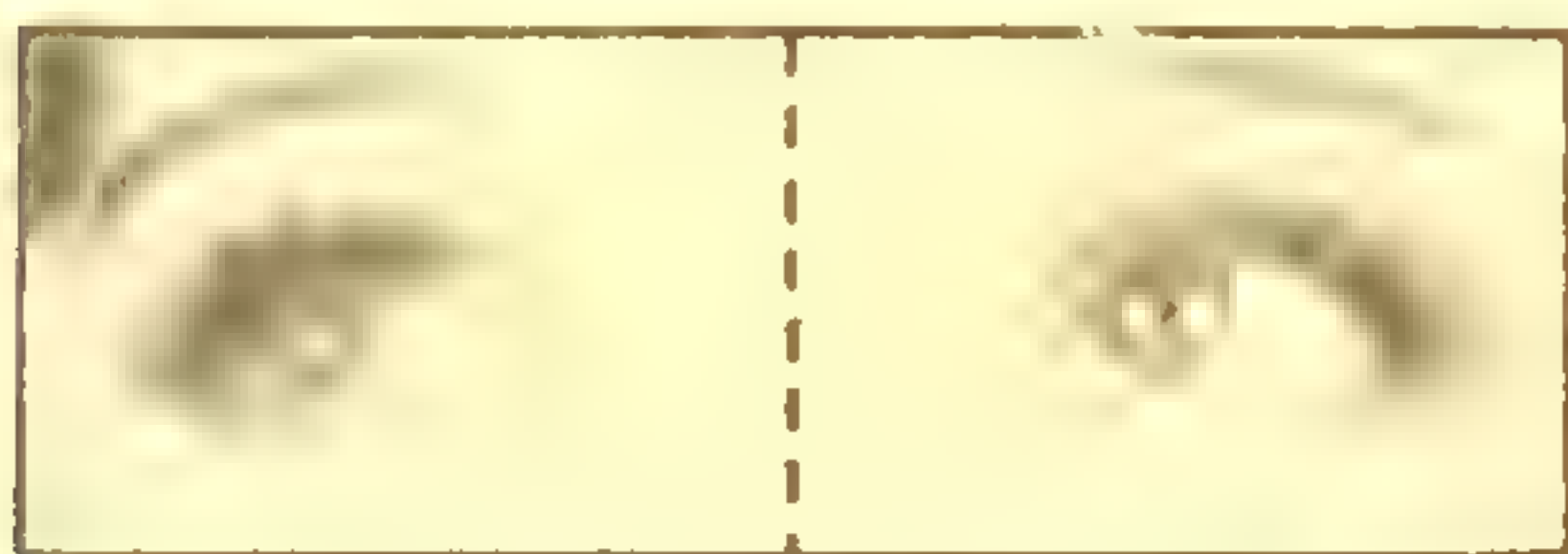
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Who are the New Gables of the Screen?

(Continued from page 19)

Got His Start Like Gable

AFTER several very modest rôles, George Brent is being introduced to the public in support of three big women stars, Barbara Stanwyck, with whom he appears in "So Big," Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always with Us" and with Constance Bennett in a picture not yet announced. Gable, you remember, burst upon the public in support of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo!

Beyond this point their biographies swerve. George Brent was born in Dublin, Ireland, the son of a Dublin newspaperman and the descendant of a long line of Irishmen who served with the British army. His ancestry is evidenced in his build; he is tall, with the straight back and build of the cavalryman.

He attended public school and the National University in Dublin, playing football and taking part in the school dramatics. He got his stage start at the famous Abbey Theatre in Dublin. After a bit of vagabonding, he came to America at the age of twenty and entered upon a stage career here via various stock companies. He has played more than three hundred parts and has owned six companies of his own. And just after he had finally landed on Broadway, his eyes (strained by his studying so many rôles) went back on him; after a delicate operation, he was told to get out in the open air for a few months. Like Gable, he had had movie ambitions for a long time. He headed for California—and here he is, all set for you to hail or argue over in comparison to Gable.

Heyburn Even Has Cleft Chin

THE Fox company has a little Gable in their fold in the person (and appearance) of Weldon Heyburn, who fits all the virility requirements in being tall, dark and even slightly dimpled! Believe it or not, but Heyburn (who recently broke into the newspapers by marrying Greta Nissen) is so much like Gable in his carriage and bearing that Charlie Farrell took him to a Hollywood party and introduced him as "Clark Gable." And, what's more, the folks fell for Charlie's gag. Add to this the fact that a well-known woman writer, crossing the Fox lot, saw Mr. Heyburn and immediately demanded to know if Clark Gable had been borrowed from M-G-M for a Fox picture. This should give you a fair slant of how well Fox has succeeded in uncovering a dimpled menace.

Like Gable and Brent, Heyburn also came from what is rapidly developing into a gold mine for Gables—the American stock companies. His greatest success was in a road tour in "What Price Glory?" in which he played the rôle of *Sergeant Quirt*, made famous on the screen by Edmund Lowe. Heyburn is twenty-six, American, educated at the University of Alabama and George Washington University, a champion diver and a "romantic heavy." (The Gable touch again.) You have seen him in "The Silent Witness," "While Paris Sleeps," "The Gay Caballero," "Disorderly Conduct" and "Careless Lady." His parts are getting bigger and better all the time.

Bruce Cabot and Chaney's Son

RKO is doing itself proud by having two screen candidates roughly described as "somewhat the same type as Gable." Bruce Cabot and Creighton Chaney, son of the late Lon Chaney, are the lucky gentlemen.

Considering Bruce Cabot first, we find that, like Gable, Brent and Heyburn—yes, he also comes from stock engagements to

the screen. His last stage engagement was with the Goodman Theatre in Chicago—at which time his name was Jacques de Bujac. Though he was born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, thus automatically becoming an American citizen, he is of French descent. He was educated in the schools of Carlsbad, New York and Paris. What's more, he is the son of a wealthy New Mexico attorney and what's even more, he is listed in the Blue Book of Baltimore. De Bujac became interested in the stage during his school years, and in the movies during his final appearances with the Goodman Stock company. He came out to Hollywood and talking pictures just on a chance, not a contract, managed to get a test with RKO and was promptly signed. Such luck can be traced only to one thing—Bruce Cabot (no longer Jacques de Bujac) must be decidedly a Gable type. He gets his screen start in "The Roadhouse Murder."

On the other hand, RKO's new pride and joy, Creighton Chaney, manages to be a distinctive runner-up on the other Gables in that he has never appeared either in stock or in the movies previous to his new contract. He is a strapping, handsome boy, whose only resemblance to Gable is in a mutual "he-mannishness." Creighton looks more as his father, Lon Chaney, looked ten years ago.

At the beginning, when Creighton decided to follow in his father's footsteps, studios were after him with contracts, providing he would permit himself to be billed as "Lon Chaney, Jr." This the independent young man refused to do. He not only reminded them that "there was only one Lon Chaney," but pointed out that he wanted to succeed on his own individual merits or not at all. RKO was the first studio to see things his way, and signed him to a contract. He will be known as Creighton Chaney; the "Lon Chaney, Jr." idea is definitely out. You'll get your first glimpse of him in the Dolores Del Rio picture, "Bird of Paradise."

The studio announces that young Chaney is not promised featured or starring rôles, but will be given ample opportunity to demonstrate his own way as an actor. In spite of this, however, there are rumors that two associate producers are quietly mapping ambitious parts for the young man in coming productions, parts somewhat along the Gable lines.

Universal's Big Discovery

FROM over the hills at Universal, they are calling your attention to Luis Trenker, appearing with Tala Birell in "The Doomed Battalion." Mr. Trenker is an Austrian, a celebrated figure both as an actor and a producer in European film circles, and he happened to come to Hollywood as follows:

"Uncle" Carl Laemmle was touring Europe with a weather eye turned toward European film productions, when his attention was directed to a spectacular production called "Mountains In Flame," dealing with warfare in the Alps. Mr. Laemmle saw this film, literally had his breath swept away by the daring and magnitude of some of its scenes, and bought the American rights to the film. The guiding spirit behind this thrilling production—its author, producer and star—was Luis Trenker. So impressed was Mr. Laemmle by his performance that he asked him to come to America for the English version of the picture (now called "The Doomed Battalion"). Trenker, a dark heavy-set man of unusually forceful appearance, gladly accepted, and is co-featured with Tala Birell.

His background is extremely interesting. Though college-bred, he preferred the life



A second new he-man at Universal is Russell Hopton—built along the Gable lines, and due for Gable-size rôles

of the great outdoors and was, for years, a tourist's guide in the Alps. During the War, he was in command of a company stationed in the "flaming mountains" and it was this experience that formed the basis of his screen story.

Several years after the War, he was engaged by a foreign motion picture company to act as their guide for the Alpine sequences. During the production of the film, the director became impatient with the leading man, who was giving a very bad performance, and in desperation offered to give Trenker an opportunity in the rôle. He made good, became vitally interested in the acting profession and abandoned his tourist activities to take on a film career. He has been outstanding in European film circles ever since.

Universal has Trenker signed for only this one production—but from what we casually overheard on the "U" lot just the other day, we have a hunch that he will remain for others. The magic phrase pronounced upon Mr. Trenker was none other than this:

"He doesn't look like Clark Gable, and he's older—but he could play the same type of rôle!"

Hopton Just Discovered

BUT Trenker isn't the only new hope at Universal. The Laemmles also "point with pride" to Russell Hopton, who has been appearing before the cameras since "Call of the Flesh," but is just being discovered. He is thirty (a year younger than Gable), tall, with the same sort of broad he-man smile and broad he-man shoulders.

Russell is the son of a wealthy New York family, whose father wanted him to become a lawyer. Instead, he went to agricultural school (he-mannish, even then), and when the War came along, faked his age and joined the Navy. After the War, he sold film for Universal, proved himself a good salesman, and decided to turn actor.

He got his screen start by becoming a prop boy at United Artists. That was in 1925. Eventually, he worked up to be an assistant director under D. W. Griffith on "Drums of Love" and "The Battle of the Sexes." Then came a chance to act with some stock companies—and that's where he got his poise, as did Gable. He has done something like



The SYRUP that created a MILLION-GALLON

Appetite Of all the tempting drinks and delightful dishes served at Rexall Fountains, those flavored with chocolate are by far the favorites. It's easy to understand why.

Fully \$50,000 was spent in perfecting the formula for the chocolate syrup used by these Fountains. Many world markets were searched for cocoa beans of proper color, flavor, richness and cocoa-butter content. Then blend after blend was tried, tasted and discarded—until the most delicious one was found!

This chocolate syrup—perfected at great expense after countless formulas had been rejected—now has created a million-gallon appetite. Every year, more than 100,000,000 delicious chocolate drinks flavored with this pure syrup are served exclusively at Rexall Fountains in Rexall Drug Stores.

Only at a Rexall Fountain can you enjoy the \$50,000 chocolate flavor. Liggett and Owl Fountains are Rexall Fountains, too.

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CHOCOLATE
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FOUNTAINS



GROW

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffelfinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 1086 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago. Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money. Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If \$1.95 sent with order postage will be paid. Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

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Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
28x4.40-21	\$2.30	\$0.95	
28x4.40-21	2.40	1.00	
28x4.40-21	2.45	1.05	
28x4.40-21	2.50	1.10	
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28x4.40-21			

Ten minutes went by and still no Garbo. Suddenly a prop boy dashed up to him breathlessly. "Oh, are you here, Mr. Barrymore?" he gasped. "Miss Garbo has been standing over by the entrance, waiting for you to come in. I'll tell her you are here." And before the surprised John could get his breath, the great Garbo was standing beside him. "Mr. John Barrymore," she said throatily, catching his hand impulsively in hers, "this is such a great honor that I should ever work with you that I waited . . . to be the first to greet you on this set. Please believe that this is the greatest honor of my career."

Back-up! After that, they both spent their time begging the other to "take" a little more of the camera.

A BIG, burly cop told the Judge he would "like to take that young lady over his knee and give her a good spanking." The girl in question was none other than Noel Francis, who gets hot in a blonde way for Warner Brothers' productions.

Well, it turns out that Noel can also get very hot when tagged for speeding by a traffic officer. The good gentleman told the court that Noel "sassed" him something "awful" and that nothing short of a spanking could settle their account.

The court refused and Noel exit-ed—giggling.

JUNE COLLYER and Mary Brian have become the best of friends, and recently when they were both in New York, they saw a great deal of one another.

There was a time when June and Mary weren't so clubby. That was back in the old days when Buddy Rogers was America's Beau and Buddy just couldn't seem to make up his mind whom *he* was beau-ing . . . June or Mary. The girls seemed to have some little difficulty recognizing each other when they passed on the Paramount lot.

But what with June very much settled down as Mrs. Stuart Erwin and Mary romantically interested in Ken Murray (with whom she has been appearing in vaudeville), there is no reason why the girls shouldn't be friends—and they are. Wonder if it's true that they attended an afternoon performance of Buddy's show ("Hot-Cha!") together while they were in New York?

WHAT a flock of marriages lately! On top of the Ann Dvorak-Leslie Fenton elopement comes Betty Bronson's marriage. She is now legally Mrs. Ludwig Lauerhaus, which is an awful lot of name for such a little girl as Betty.

"Peter Pan" Bronson met Lauerhaus while visiting her brother three years ago at Oxford. Lauerhaus, at that time a student at Heidelberg University, met her in London and they became secretly engaged.

The youngsters were married in Santa Barbara, California, and after a short honeymoon spent at Asheville, N. C., the home of the groom, they will return to Hollywood, where Betty will resume her screen work.

MOST of the gossips are pretty well sold on the idea that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn were secretly married before the ceremony that took place recently in Tia Juana. Some of Hollywood's most high-powered newspaper reporters have been scouting around to the outlying Greta Greens looking over the marriage license files.

The most popular story is that the pair were married aboard Heyburn's boat during the time his father first was in Hollywood on a "little visit." Heyburn's full name, by the way, is Weldon Heyburn Franks.

(Continued on page 82)

IS YOURS A *Good Morning* COMPLEXION



WHEN YOU'RE READY TO SAY *Good Night?*

Retain your "9 a. m. Freshness" all day long with this simple 5-Minute Beauty Program!

● **HOW FRESH** you look in the early morning! Skin . . . clear, smooth and radiant as rose petals. As glowingly young as Spring itself.

But, along about 4 in the afternoon. What of your complexion *then?* . . . Blotchy make-up? Shiny nose? . . . Have your good looks vanished with the hours?

Millions of smart women have discovered an effective way to combat this afternoon let-down—to keep their complexions clear and lovely under even the most trying conditions. They rely upon the smooth, adhering qualities of **OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder** and other famous **OUTDOOR GIRL** beauty products to maintain that look of "morning freshness" all through the day.

5 Minutes a day for Beauty's sake

Pure Olive Oil is the precious ingredient which gives to **OUTDOOR GIRL** preparations their marvelous beautifying qualities. First it was the two **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Pow-**

ders that won the praise of millions of women. Now, it is a complete range of exquisite make-up aids, each with a base of rich, luxurious Olive Oil.

Begin tonight—remove dirt and make-up with **OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream**. It's so much more effective than mere soap and water. Follow with a thin film of nourishing **Olive Oil Cream** . . . *Two minutes*—that's all!

Tomorrow morning spend *three minutes* this way. First, apply **OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener** to awaken and "pep up" your skin. Then, for protection and a perfect powder base, smooth on a light veil of **OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream**. Now a touch of rouge for the lips and cheeks, using either the **Lipstick** or **Lip-and-Cheek Rouge**. Finish with **OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder** if yours is a normal skin, or with **Lightex** if your skin is oily.

You'll be amazed to see how lasting this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night!

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive. You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to \$1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular **OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products**, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new **Liquefying Cleansing Cream** and the two face powders. **Crystal Laboratories**, 131 Willis Avenue, New York City.

Be good to your LIPS AND CHEEKS



Try the new *improved* **OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge** . . . Indelible, waterproof and lasting! Guaranteed pure colors.

5 Popular Shades

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

FAT Does Go In This Easy Way

Millions of people, the world over, have learned in late years the right way to keep slender. To gain new beauty, youth and vigor. You see that everywhere. Excess fat and sluggish vim are nowhere near so common as they were.

The great reason is this: Modern medical science has discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a scanty gland secretion. Food which should create fuel and energy goes to excess fat.

Now doctors, the world over, supply that lacking factor. And note how conditions have changed.

This right method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. A medical laboratory, famous the world over, prepares them for this purpose. They supply this right method at small cost, in right form.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. It stands today, as always, the chief help in reduction. Now there are multitudes of people to testify what Marmola has done for them.

If your figure is abnormal, if your vim has decreased, go get Marmola. All druggists supply it at \$1 a box. A book in each box gives the formula and explains the amazing results. Do what others have done—get the results they won. Don't wait longer—don't stay over-fat.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce
\$1 at all Drug Stores

3 STORIES SOLD STUDIOS DEMAND MORE

Thru our Sales Dept. for TALKING PICTURE Production. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Stories accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios. We are in the center of picture production, in daily personal contact with studios and know market requirements. It is to YOUR advantage to deal with a recognized agent. Estab. 1917. Send for FREE BOOK giving full details.

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from any part you wish reduced. No diets, medicines, exercise, baths or equipment necessary.

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La Renee Reducing Cream has slenderized thousands of overstout people when other means failed. A cream like white preparation, a secret product of modern science, rigidly tested, has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body, harmlessly and absolutely without inconvenience.

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LA RENEE COSMETIC CO. Dept. D-3.
1851 Washington Ave., New York City, N. Y.

send postpaid with directions. Two large jars. La Renee Reducing Cream. I agree to pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-Wife

(Continued from page 25)

living by teaching hopeful youngsters to move and speak correctly, as she had once taught Clark. (That was how they met.) One of the best dramatic coaches in Hollywood, she did not have the money to advertise or move into an imposing "studio." She asked no help from anyone. For two years she had not seen, or heard from, her ex-husband.

Josephine Dillon, herself, is a graduate of Stanford University, and reflects culture and good breeding. But she was a woman alone and poor and therefore (thought the sensation-gatherers) easily dealt with. The studio biography of Clark Gable made dull reading; the man himself, though pleasant and charming, was "bad copy." So the sob sisters, the headline-hunters, the correspondents for the sensation syndicates set out to get "the lowdown" about Clark Gable from his ex-wife.

They got exactly nothing.

Tried to Play on Her Emotions

THE story of Josephine Dillon's persecution by yellow journalism is almost incredible. In a civilized community, with policemen pacing the Boulevard not a hundred feet away, she was threatened and browbeaten, terrified and insulted. In her inexperience, she trustingly admitted these wolves in writers' clothing into her plain, prim, clean little living room. But her gentle answers to their questions, her mild little reminiscences of hours of hard work with Clark Gable, and her generous praise of him were not what they were looking for, not what they wanted.

They tried devious and diabolically clever ways to get their stories. Some of them—of the feminine gender—sympathized with her disarmingly, a process known as "taking down their back hair." Others tried to trap her into statements that would lend sensational color to their articles. One seasoned newspaper man, who had exhausted every trick in his repertoire to get her to reveal some of the secrets of her married life, decided to arouse her anger against Clark. He whirled on her suddenly.

"Look at yourself!" he shouted. "A poor, miserable woman, living in this wretched shack, while he has a fine apartment! Look at your shabby clothes! Look at your shoes!" He pointed a scornful finger. "How do you feel when he rides by in a limousine? Why, I'll bet you haven't the price of a square meal in the house this minute!"

But for all her quiet voice and ladylike ways, Josephine Dillon is a clever woman. "Oh, I'm not so poor I can't buy a ticket to see a Clark Gable picture!" she answered, smiling.

Mostly, however, they tried bullying. They threatened her. They told her that they would find ways to take away her pupils, unless she gave them "hot" stories. When she said with dignity that she had no complaints to make against Mr. Gable, that she had only kind things to say of him, praise for his persistence and determination to succeed, and admiration for his work on the screen, one man sneered in her face.

How She Was Threatened

"LISTEN, you can't tamper with a reporter this way!" he snarled. "You can't make a fool of me! You know you weren't his first wife, don't you? Why don't you admit it? Who was his first wife? Where is she now? Tell me, do you hear me?"

"I know only one thing," she answered. "I was Clark Gable's wife."

His face was actually red with anger.

"If you don't talk, you are going to be sorry! Has he a son? The public wants to hear everything about Gable. Give me something worth reading—has he a son?"

She stood her ground. "All I can tell you," she said, "is that I have never had a son."

As he left, baffled, he shouted back at her, "You'll be sorry for holding out on me. Read my article and see how I am going to treat you. Maybe next time you'll talk." When, several weeks later, she did read the article he had written, she discovered that he had made damaging insinuations about her teaching ability—so damaging that she lost several pupils on account of it.

A woman who had been a lifelong friend and had known her during her six years of marriage called her up one day and asked permission to write an article about her methods of voice training, signing her name to it. Unsuspectingly, she consented, and thought no more about it, until a month or two later the same woman came to see her.

"The magazine wouldn't take the article," she told her. "They said it was too dangerous."

"Dangerous!" said Josephine, shocked. "Why, what do you mean? What did you write? You told me it was to be about my teaching methods."

"Yes, of course I did," admitted her friend, coolly. "But they wanted inside gossip about your marriage, and I needed the money—"

Had to Ask Studio's Help

WITHOUT friends to trust, without protection, or money to hire lawyers, she at last turned for help to the studio where Clark Gable was working.

"There was a writer for a newspaper syndicate who came to me," she relates. "He didn't ask for a story. He had a story already—had obtained it in New York. All he wanted was for me to admit that his story was true. I denied it, over and over. He was so violent that I was terrified. He went away, and came back the next evening—late. I told him again that his story wasn't true. Finally, he looked at me. 'Miss Dillon', he asked, 'your father was a lawyer, wasn't he?' I said, 'Yes.' He looked at me bitterly and said, 'I thought so. Because you are the most artful dodger I've ever met. But how long do you think you can get away with it?'"

"After he had left, I couldn't sleep. The next day, I went to the studio and told them they must protect me. I told them that I had never said anything unkind about Clark and that I never intended to do so. But I couldn't stand this persecution any longer. Since then they have dealt with the people who came to interview me."

But even this plan did not spare her.

In the March 12 issue of a national weekly appeared a purported "close-up" of Clark Gable by a writer of some reputation. In it were cruel references to Josephine Dillon. Her ability as a stage teacher was subtly, cuttingly doubted. "You probably remember your elocution teacher in high school," the author sneered. Fun was poked at her methods, and credit for Clark's training was flatly denied her in these words: "If anyone made Clark Gable a good actor, it wasn't Josephine Dillon."

Josephine's Costly "Mistake"

THOUSANDS read this, but none knew of the telephone conversation that preceded it. One evening the writer of that "close-up" called Josephine Dillon on the telephone and asked for her story of Clark Gable.

"You will have to see the studio," she told the writer. "I'm not giving out any stories on Clark."

The author argued and urged her, ending finally with a veiled threat. "I am a well-known writer," she said. "I think you are making a mistake not to talk to me."

Later, reading the writer's story, Josephine Dillon saw the consequences of her "mistake"—consequences that struck at her very means of livelihood, her teaching.

After "Frankenstein" had set the public to talking about the new mystery man of the screen, Boris Karloff, Josephine Dillon Gable had a caller one day—a young and pretty woman whose card bore the name, "Pauline Karloff." She told her that she was a dancer, an artist, and the ex-wife of the new screen star.

"Reporters are after me to tell them sensational stories about Boris," she said. "I knew that you must have been bothered the same way—so I came to ask you what I should do to stop them."

No motion picture scene that movie-star Gable or movie-star Karloff is ever asked to make can be more dramatic than that meeting of these ex-wives in Josephine Dillon's plain little living room. There they sat, two women who had known and still knew the pinch of poverty, discussing earnestly how to protect the men they had married—and lost.

Wouldn't Talk About Boris

PAULINE KARLOFF'S story of persecution by the prying yellow press is very similar to Josephine Dillon's. Ever since "Frankenstein" was released, she has been besieged by sensation-mongers, on the trail of a startling story of her life as Mrs. Karloff (or, to be entirely correct, as Mrs. William Henry Pratt). She, too, had an intimate friend come to her and beg her for a story. When she refused to give her one, the friend became defiant.

"After all, I've got enough already to make a good article," she said. "You know the things you've told me. And you know how hard up I am!"

"I'm hard up, too," said Pauline, "but not hard up enough for that. If you dare to print one word I've ever told you, I'll sue you for libel!"

Ever since her divorce from Karloff three years ago, his ex-wife has supported herself precariously by painting charming and fantastic women in the modern manner and renting her pictures to studios for modernistic settings in films. There have been times—she laughs a little mirthlessly—when she literally did not know where her next meal was coming from. But when one of the largest Sunday newspapers in the country recently offered her five hundred dollars, and then increased the offer to one thousand, for a personally signed story about Boris Karloff, she refused.

"As an artist, I wish success to a fellow artist," she says. "But why must they drag me into this? I have been out of his life for three years. When we meet on the Boulevard, we don't speak."

Boris Karloff had lived in Hollywood twenty years before his ghastly, unforgettable characterization of the *Monster* in "Frankenstein" aroused any public curiosity about him. And yet so completely are the struggling unknowns submerged and lost in Hollywood's teeming life that there are few who know what manner of man he was in those years of struggle. His ex-wife was, perhaps, the only one who really knew. So she is being threatened, persecuted by sensation-hunters—who are trying to make her tell.

Sudden success on the screen may mean caviar and pheasant for the tables of the new stars, but it often means taking the very bread away from their generous ex-wives who refuse to tell. Josephine Dillon Gable and Pauline Karloff will tell anybody THIS!

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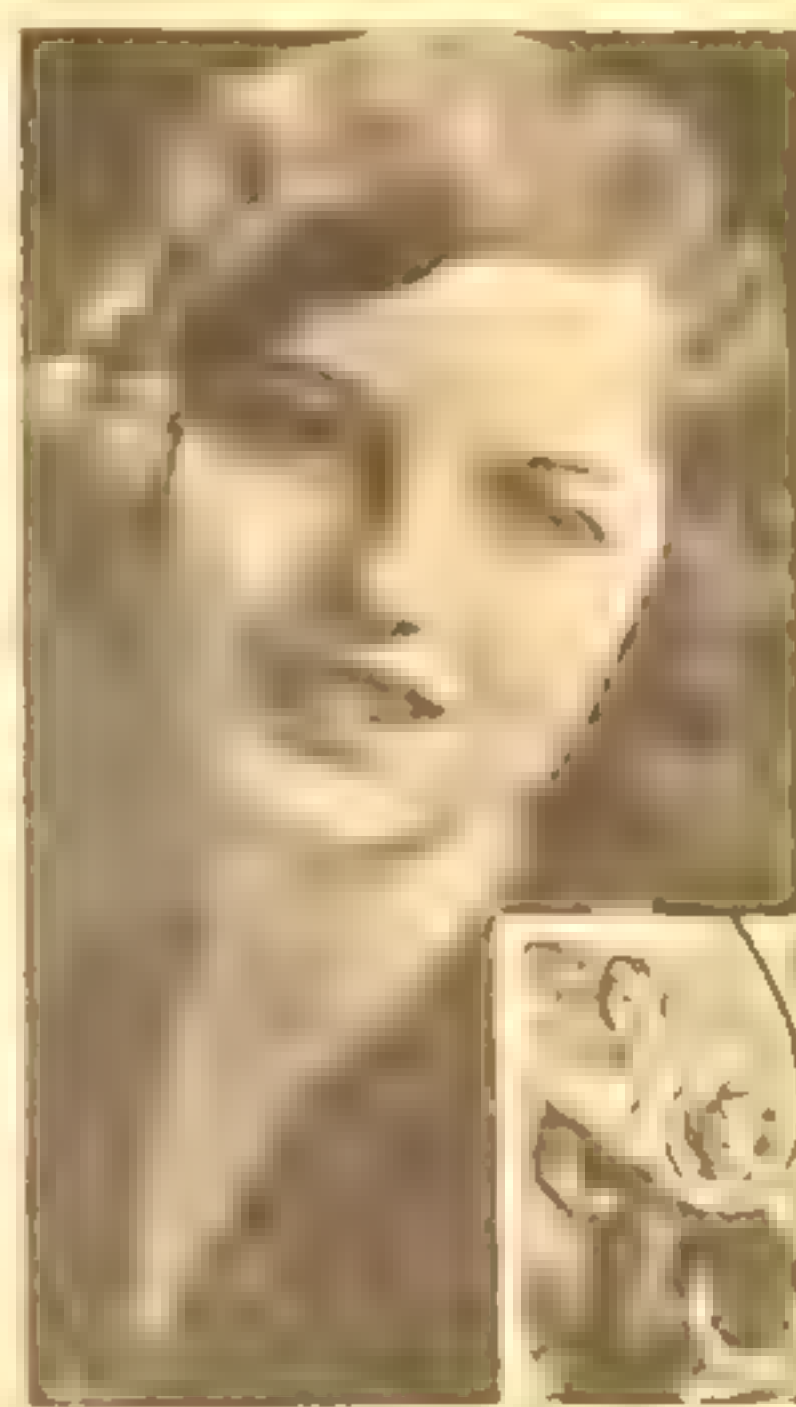
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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

HO-HUM, you should be glad you're not a movie star. Just look at all the trouble Joan Crawford had during the making of "Letty Lynton." One of her evening dresses was so tight across the er-ah, equator, that she couldn't sit down at all. Some special contraption had to be designed, called "the reclining board." Joan just leaned against it, and it could be lowered half way to the floor. It didn't look comfortable and it wasn't.

DURING the same picture Joan's dressing room bungalow figured in a most amazing disappearing act. The floors of one of the M-G-M stages can be lowered to the basement, and, one day, the lowering process was used rather unexpectedly. Down went the floor, Joan's bungalow, her personal maid and all.

Probably Joan would still be looking for the bungalow, a gift from Doug Jr., but it happened that the maid had good lungs.

No wonder that Joan announced that she was going away for a two weeks vacation after that picture was completed. She needed a rest.

THE best economy story of the month concerns the independent producer, trying to make pictures on a very slim shoe-string of credit. A stuttering comedian had been engaged for a rôle, and all seemed to be going well until the executive walked on the set. He watched the antics of the stutterer for a very short time, and then he began to fidget.

"Stop," he yelled to the director. "I have that comic play his rôle straight. The stuttering uses too much film."

NO DOUBT about it—the one thing Hollywood doesn't want is privacy. Of course that was all nicely proved long ago when Malibu Beach became the favorite summering place for the stars. Additional proof is furnished in the report that the far-famed Embassy Club will close.

It was all to be very high flown, very exclusive and awfully swanky, this club. Only members could lunch and dine there. It started well. The stars flocked there at first, and the tables were always filled. Then it became apparent that something was lacking. What was it? Ah, yes, there were no admiring visitors from Dubuque, and no one came up and requested autographs. Attendance began to drop off, and the Embassy-ites began to show up at the Brown Derby, open to anyone who had the price of a luncheon.

The Derby is now the current hot spot along the Hollywood rialto. It's crowded with fame every noontime, and if you're lucky you can step on George Bancroft's pet corn, and get a good close-up of Loretta Young.

But is it private and exclusive? A secret whispered at one table circles the café in less time than it takes Doug Fairbanks, the elder, to jump over a grand piano.

ALTHOUGH it is an old story now, the Ann Harding and Harry Bannister announcement that a divorce was in the offing proved to be the biggest bombshell of the year. Everyone was stunned. Those two had been regarded as the screen's most ideally happy married couple. After the first excitement had died down a bit, it was very amusing to see the good folk, who can't bear to be left out of it, trying to explain that they knew it all along.

The Boulevard gossips will forgive Harry and Ann for getting a divorce, but never, never for denying them the privilege of a lot of preliminary scandal-mongering.

From the brilliant and stately era of John Drew down to the present scintillating and brittle period of Noel Coward the leading actors, playwrights and novelists have always felt the lure of THE ALGONQUIN.

The Players and the Christmas Dinner

This story sounds as if O. Henry made it up but it happens to be true. A struggling young couple of players came to stay at THE ALGONQUIN. They were "resting" at the time and paying their room rent was a major test in economics. Dallying with THE ALGONQUIN menus was out of the question. They were compelled to import their daily quota of calories from neighboring delicatessens. By this kind of dietetics they were able to pay their rent, preserve their lithe figures and keep their heads up. On Christmas Eve the plucky couple journeyed forth for the usual sliced ham, rye bread and pickles. When they had guiltily smuggled this feast to their room they 'phoned for a pot of coffee. After the banquet was over they sent for the check. The knock came. The waiter entered.

"The check, please," said the husband airily.

"Check?" echoed the waiter. "There is no check. Don't you know that Mr. Case plays host to everyone in the hotel on Christmas Eve? You ought to see the dinner some of the guests are eating to-night."

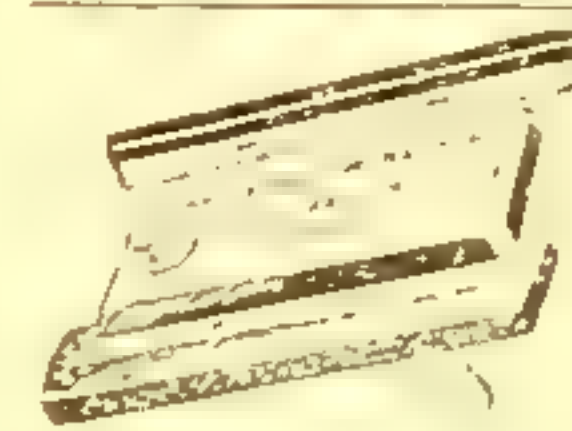
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See Page 51
in this Issue

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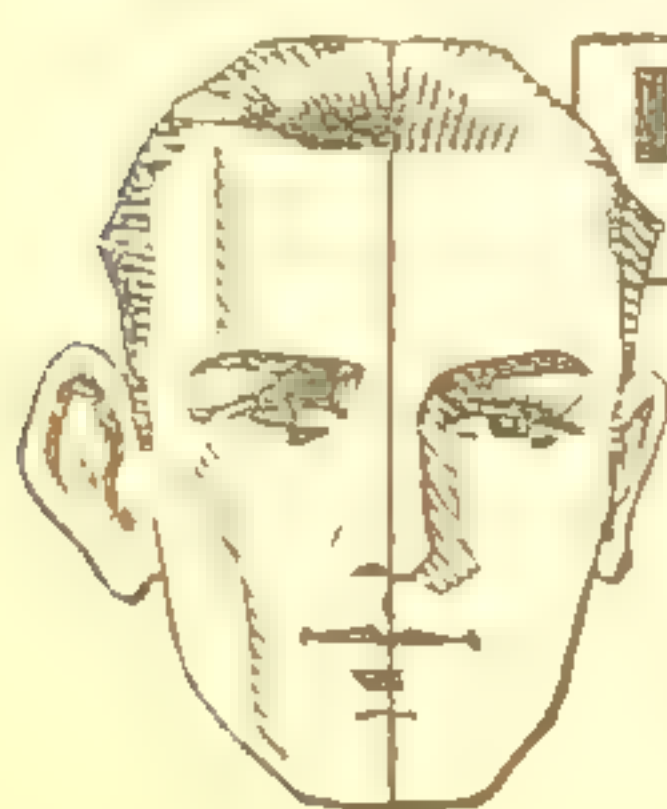
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SOMEHOW, with the well organized publicity staffs turning out such rafts of copy, in the larger studios, Hollywood writers are prone to lose sight of those smaller, independent producing organizations, tucked away down the side-streets. Here are stars, vanished from the larger studios, going merrily along, making pictures, and receiving nice, fat pay checks for their work.

I didn't know, for instance, that Clara Kimball Young has made four pictures during the last six months, and that King Baggot keeps busy, constantly, in these studios.

ON THE roster of these independent companies appear such names as Harry Myers, Henry S. Walthall, James Murray, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Sue Carol, Tom Moore, Rex Bell, Aileen Pringle, Blanche Mehaffey, Doris Hill, Alberta Vaughan and though last in this list, not the least, Creighton Hale.

Wampas Baby Stars of years gone by, denied more conspicuous careers, keep busy as heroines for Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Yakima Canutt, and other stalwart gentlemen of the wild and woolly west. Good western heroines are not so easy to find. They must know how to ride, and they must put up with the discomfort of location camps.

There is still plenty of romance to be found along Poverty Row. Only, it isn't Poverty Row any longer. The independents are reaping a golden harvest this year while major studios are wondering what to do with all of their theatres.

WHILE I'm on the subject of leading ladies in western pictures, one occasional actress who married plenty of money, gave quite a shock to a well-known cowboy star.

The lady didn't need the cash, but she hadn't worked lately. Then, too, she just loved the smell of greasepaint. A trifle condescendingly, it is true, she consented to be leading woman in an opera of the cow country.

A distant location was selected, and the lady arrived in her imported limousine, and with a liveried chauffeur in attendance. She wore a Paris frock and some \$50,000 in jewelry. To make the whole thing even more difficult for the western star, an honest-to-gosh cowboy, she decided an off-screen romance would pass away the dull hours.

When it came time to take portraits of the two for lobby displays she arrived in the gallery, arrayed in a very peek-a-boo negligee, ready for some scorching love clinches.

It had to be explained gently and diplomatically that the horse would have to be somewhere in the picture, too, and that somehow negligees and horses would look funny together.

She isn't making westerns any more, but the cowboys are still laughing about that one.

you know that: Greta Garbo, Dietrich, and Tallulah Bank-Jones are now at the Kreutzberg dance resort in Los Angeles; Wallace Beery used to carry water to the circus elephants; Ernest Torrence is a concert pianist of unusual ability; Neil Hamilton was the Arrow Collar boy; Ruth Chatterton is directing Husband Ralph Forbes and Rose Hobart in a stage play; Harpo Marx rides a bicycle around the Paramount lot; Parfait a la George Arliss is a gooey delicacy at a neighboring Hollywood soda fountain, and that Maurice Chevalier probably has the most stupendous collection of expensive shirts in this country if not perhaps in the entire world.

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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 77)

THE première of "The Wet Parade" began like all other "first nights" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. There were motor cars, searchlights, beautiful women in beautiful clothes, and the usual enthusiastic crowd.

But at the intermission the festivities took on the form of a public debating society. The *pro* and *con* arguments about this picture swept the audience into a frenzy of praise or stark criticism that exploded orally at intermission. Sid Grauman had erected a small bar in the courtyard where cheese and near beer were being dished out to the throats made dry by argument.

Saw Marlene Dietrich in the milling crowd, looking startlingly beautiful in a white evening wrap trimmed with white fox. She was talking enthusiastically to an unknown gentleman—but Josef von Sternberg was not far away.

Fay Wray looked like a modern Juliet with a small sequin cap of blue making an effective contrast to her long auburn bob.

Maureen O'Sullivan was with Russell Gleason.

Billy Bakewell escorted Polly Ann Young, pretty sister of Loretta.

CONNIE BENNETT has been having fun going to the dentist's. That's almost a believe-it-or-not-note for Ripley.

But it just happens that when Connie is at the dentist's, she is never bothered by studio or telephone calls. After her pesky wisdom tooth is treated, Connie sits in the reception room, snatching a few moments of rest by looking through the magazines and enjoying an uninterrupted moment or two. Connie says she will almost be sorry when her tooth is well.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., gave Joan Crawford a beautiful diamond pin for a birthday present. It is a very gorgeous affair and Joan is crazy about it—but it is a lot of worry. She's always putting it down somewhere and forgetting to pick it up again.

The other day she left it on top of her make-up kit while she stepped before the cameras to do a scene. When she came back, the pin wasn't there. Joan was nearly frantic. All work was knocked off while the company searched.

Finally it was discovered that the pin had been returned to the "prop" department. One of the boys on the set had been instructed to return all the "fake" jewelry on the set to the studio wardrobe department. He had mistaken Joan's real pin for one she had been using in the picture.

Yes, they found it—and now Joan is very, very careful.

THE big social event of the month was not the biggest party, or even the most be-lighted "first night." No, it seems that Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton and Walter Huston staged a debate in Aimee's temple on the subject of prohibition—Aimee taking the *pro* side and Walter the *con*. Question: "Is Prohibition A Success?"

Almost all the stars from the M-G-M lot turned out in a body. Some evil-minded newspaper men thought the debate was a publicity gag in conjunction with the current "Wet Parade"—but publicity gag, or not, the event attracted a stunning crowd.

Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery and Wally Beery seemed to be having the time of their lives. The audience voted dry. Which proves, say some, that the persuasive Aimee ought to be in the movies.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF MOVIE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for April 1, 1932. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared STANLEY V. GIBSON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of MOVIE CLASSIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Stanley V. Gibson, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., the stockholders of which are Robert E. Canfield, 15 William Street, New York, N. Y., as Voting Trustee (Silver Screen Publications, Inc., Equitable Owners) and Silver Screen Publications, Inc., c/o William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y. The stockholders of Silver Screen Publications, Inc., are William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y., Mrs. E. V. Brewster, Great Neck, N. Y., Henry L. Terhune, 1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the paragraphs next above, giving the names of the stockholders and security holders, if any, only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.) STANLEY V. GIBSON, PUBLISHER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1932. Frank K. Zimmerman. (My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

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